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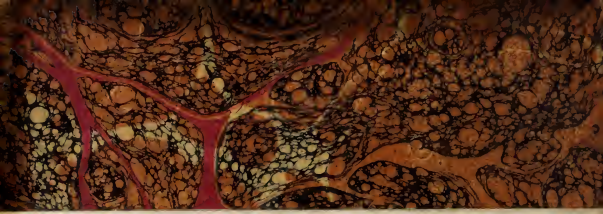

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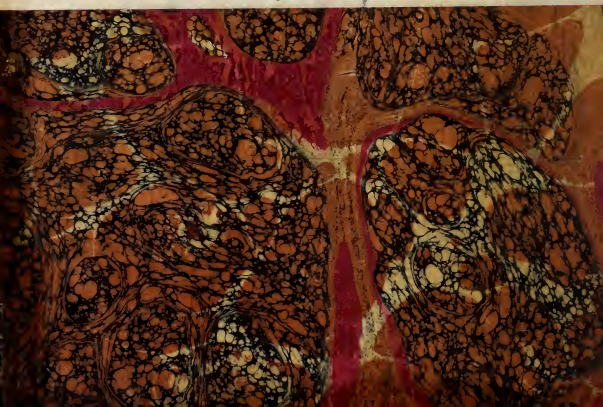

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THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

SELECTED FROM

VARIOUS VERSIONS,

AND ADAPTED TO

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

I will sing with the Spirit,
and I will sing with the Understanding also.
1 Cor. xiv. 15.

LONDON:
Printed by Bye and Law, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell;
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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may not be improper to acquaint the Reader into whoſe hand this Compilation may fall, that it was made for the uſe of a Congregation which hitherto had uſed the Verſion of *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*. A deſire of diſcontinuing the Old Verſion was almoſt general; different opinions, however, prevailed reſpecting the moſt eligible of ſucceeding ones. It was on comparing ſeveral of theſe together, that an idea was firſt ſuggeſted of ſelecting from each Verſion, ſuch parts as had an evident ſuperiority.

At the requeſt of ſome very reſpectable Characters, and becauſe a ſuccinct view of every Pſalm in its moſt devotional and poetical form, ſeemed beſt adapted to the time and circumſtances, it is here attempted.

By abridging ſome Pſalms, and introducing different Metres of others more ge-

nerally intereſting, advantages are obtained which may excuſe ſo frequent a uſe of both expedients: by the former, the work is rendered more ſelect and devotional; by the latter, conſiderable ſcope is afforded, not only for varying the *Melody*, but alſo for that variety of *Illuſtration* by which many of theſe inſpired ſongs are exhibited in their comprehenſive, as well as literal ſenſe.—Writers who have ſucceſsfully imitated the POET, may here unite with others who (ſhewing us "a yet more excellent way" by the light and authority of the New Teſtament) have unveiled the PROPHET; diſplayed his evangelical Views, entered into his Spirit and Experience, and adapted both to the ſervice of the Chriſtian Church.

Should this Attempt prove, in the Divine Hand, a humble mean of aſſiſting the Private Meditations of thoſe for whoſe uſe it was more immediately intended, or of improving that nobleſt part of their Public Worſhip, PRAISE, its deſign will be fully accompliſhed.

THE

PSALMS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS VERSIONS.

PSALM I. Metre i.

1 HAPPY the Man, whoſe cautious Feet
Shun the broad Way that Sinners go;
Who hates the Place where Atheiſts meet,
And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

2 He loves t'employ his Morning-Light
Among the Statutes of the LORD;
And ſpends the wakeful Hours of Night,
With Pleaſure pond'ring o'er his Word.

3 He, like a Plant by gentle Streams,
Shall flouriſh in immortal Green:
And Heav'n will ſhine with kindeſt Beams
On every Work his Hands begin.

4 But Sinners find their Counſels croſt;—
As Chaff before the Tempeſt flies,
So ſhall their Hopes be blown and loſt,
When the laſt Trumpet ſhakes the Skies.

5 In vain the Rebel ſeeks to ſtand
In Judgment with the pious Race;
The dreadful JUDGE with ſtern Command
Aſſigns him to a diff'rent Place.

6 "Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
"I bleſt the Path, and drew it plain!
"But you would chooſe the crooked Road;
"And down it leads to endleſs Pain."

PSALM I. Metre ii.

1 O How bleſt the Man, whoſe Ear
Impious Counſel ſhuns to hear;
Who nor loves, nor treads the Way
Where the Sons of Folly ſtray.

2 But poſſeſs'd with ſacred Awe,
Meditates, great GOD, thy Law;
This by Day his fix'd Employ,
This by Night his conſtant Joy.

3 Like the Tree, that taught to grow
Where the Streams refreſhing flow,
He his fruitful Branch ſhall ſpread,
Proſp'rous, he no Leaf ſhall ſhed.

4 See, ah! ſee a different fate
GOD's obdurate Foes await;
See them, to his Wrath conſign'd,
Fly like Chaff before the Wind.

5 When thy JUDGE, O Earth, ſhall come,
And to each aſſign his Doom;
Say, ſhall then the impious Band
With the Juſt aſſembled ſtand!

6 Theſe th' ALMIGHTY, theſe alone,
Objects of his Love ſhall own;
While his Vengeance who defy
Whelm'd in endleſs Ruin lie.

PSALM II. Metre i.

1 WHY did the *Gentiles* rage,
And *Jews* with one Accord
Bend all their Counſels to deſtroy
Th' Anointed of the LORD?

2 Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain Deſign;
Againſt the LORD their Pow'rs unite,
Againſt his CHRIST they join.

3 The LORD derides their Rage,
And will ſupport his Throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the Dead,
Hath own'd Him for his SON.

4 Now he's aſcended high,
And aſks to rule the Earth;
The Merit of his Blood He pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly Birth.

5 He aſks, and GOD beſtows
A large Inheritance;
Far as the World's remoteſt Bounds
His Kingdom ſhall advance.

6 The Nations that rebel,
Muſt feel his Iron Rod;
He'll vindicate thoſe Honours well
Which he receiv'd from GOD.

7 Be wiſe, ye Rulers, now,
And worſhip at his Throne;
With trembling Joy, ye People, bow
To GOD's exalted SON.

8 If once his Wrath ariſe,
Ye periſh on the Place;
Then bleſſed is the Soul that flies
For Refuge to his Grace.

PSALM II. Metre ii.

1 WHY did the Nations join to slay
The LORD's anointed SON?
Why did they cast his Laws away,
And tread his Gospel down?

2 The LORD that sits above the Skies,
Derides their Rage below;
He speaks with Vengeance in his Eyes,
And strikes their Spirits through.

3 "I call Him my eternal SON,
"And raise Him from the Dead;
"I make my holy Hill his Throne,
"And wide his Kingdom spread.

4 "Ask me, my SON, and then enjoy
"The utmost *Heathen* Lands:
"Thy Rod of Iron shall destroy
"The Rebel that withstands."

5 Be wise, ye Rulers of the Earth,
Obey th' Anointed LORD,
Adore the King of heav'nly Birth,
And tremble at his Word.

6 With humble Love address his Throne;
For if he frowns, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his Grace rely.

PSALM III. Metre i.

1 MY GOD, how many are my Fears!
How fast my Foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal Death,
They break my present Peace.

2 But Thou, my Glory and my Strength,
Shalt on the Tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning Guilt,
And raise my drooping Head.

3 I cry'd; and from his holy Hill
He bow'd a list'ning Ear:
I call'd my Father and my GOD,
And he subdu'd my Fear.

4 He shed soft Slumbers on mine Eyes,
In spite of all my Foes;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the Grace
That guarded my Repose.

5 What though the Hosts of Death and Hell
All arm'd against me stood?
Terrors no more shall shake my Soul;
My Refuge is my GOD.

6 Arise, O LORD, fulfil thy Grace,
While I thy Glory sing:
My GOD has broke the Serpent's Teeth,
And Death has lost his Sting.

7 Salvation to the LORD belongs;
His Arm alone can save;
Blessings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave.

PSALM III. Metre ii.

1 O LORD, how many are my Foes
In this weak State of Flesh and Blood!
My Peace they daily discompose;
But my Defence and Hope is GOD.

2 Tir'd with the Burdens of the Day,
To Thee I rais'd an Ev'ning Cry;
Thou heard'ſt when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heav'nly Aid,
I laid me down and ſlept ſecure;
Not Death could make my Heart afraid,
Though I ſhould wake and riſe no more.

4 My GOD ſuſtain'd me all the Night:
Salvation doth to GOD belong:
He rais'd my Head to ſee the Light,
And make his Praiſe my Morning Song.

PSALM IV. Metre i.

1 LORD, Thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine;
I fear before Thee all the Day,
Nor would I dare to ſin.

2 And while I reſt my weary Head,
From Cares and Buſineſs free,
'Tis ſweet converſing on my Bed
With my own Heart and Thee.

3 I pay this Ev'ning-Sacrifice;
And when my Work is done,
Great GOD, my Faith and Hope relies
Upon thy Grace alone.

4 Thus with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
I'll give mine Eyes to ſleep;
Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
And will my Slumbers keep.

PSALM IV. Metre ii.

1 O God of Grace and Righteouſneſs,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou haſt enlarg'd me in Diſtreſs,
Bow down a gracious Ear again.

2 Ye Sons of Men, in vain ye try
To turn my Glory into Shame;
How long will Scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's Name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his Saints
From all the Tribes of Men beſide;
He hears the cry of Penitents,
For the dear ſake of Christ who dy'd.

4 When our obedient Hands have done
A thouſand Works of Righteouſneſs,
We put our Truſt in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning Grace.

5 Let the unthinking many ſay,
"*Who will beſtow ſome earthly Good?*"
But Lord, thy Light and Love we pray,
Our Souls deſire this heav'nly Food.

6 Then ſhall my cheerful Pow'rs rejoice
At Grace and Favours ſo divine;
Nor will I change my happy Choice,
For all their Corn and all their Wine.

PSALM V.

1 Lord, in the Morning thou ſhalt hear
My Voice aſcending high:
To Thee will I direct my Pray'r,
To Thee lift up mine Eye.

2 Up to the Hills where CHRIST is gone
To plead for all his Saints,
Preſenting at his FATHER's Throne
Our Songs and our Complaints.

3 Thou art a GOD, before whoſe Sight
The wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy right Hand.

4 But to thy Houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy Court,
And worſhip in thy Fear.

5 O may thy SPIRIT guide my Feet
In Ways of Righteouſneſs!
Make ev'ry Path of Duty ſtraight
And plain before my Face.

6 The Men that love and fear thy Name
Shall ſee their Hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty GOD will compaſs them
With Favour as a Shield.

PSALM VI.

1 IN Mercy, not in Wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble Worm, my GOD;
My Spirit dreads thine angry Look,
And trembles at thy Rod.

2 Have Mercy, LORD, for I am weak,
Regard my heavy Groans;
O let thy Voice of Comfort ſpeak,
And heal my broken Bones.

3 My Soul quite faints, but, LORD, how long
Shall I no Anſwer have?
O turn, and free my Soul from Wrong,
My Soul in Mercy ſave.

4 Return, and ſhew thy Pow'r to ſave
And ſpare my fainting Breath;
For who can praiſe Thee in the Grave?
Or ſing thy Name in Death?

5 All Night my reſtleſs Bed with Tears,
With Tears my Couch o'erflows;
My Sight quite dim with Age appears,
Through my prevailing Foes.

6 But hence ye Enemies depart,
Nor tempt me to deſpair;
My SAVIOUR comes to cheer my Heart,
The LORD hath heard my Pray'r.

PSALM VII.

1 O Save me, LORD, and to my Foes
Do thou (in Thee I truſt) oppoſe
Thy Pow'r;—and let the Arm divine,
Stretch'd in my Cauſe, beſpeak me thine.

2 My GOD, if Truth their Cenſure guide,
If Guilt be in my Deeds deſcry'd,
Low in the Duſt my Life be laid,
And Earth's dark Womb my Glory ſhade.

3 Riſe, mightieſt LORD, triumphant riſe,
O'er each whoſe Hand thy Pow'r defies;
Aſcend thy Throne, great GOD, again,
And vindicate thy Ways to Men.

4 O Thou whoſe ſtrictly ſearching Eye
The Heart and inmoſt Reins can try;
Sin's baneful Growth do Thou control,
And guard from Ill the upright Soul.

5 Th' impartial JUDGE, whoſe Eyes each Day
Caſt o'er the Earth their ſtrict Survey:
To Him, my Soul, for Help repair,
He makes the faithful Heart his Care.

6 If Man his Law refuſe to know,
He whets his Sword, he bends his Bow,
And points with Fire the winged Dart,
Ordain'd to pierce th' Oppreſſor's Heart.

7 Thy Truth, O LORD, ſhall on my Breaſt
In ſweet Remembrance ſtand impreſt;
With grateful Joy my Heart inſpire,
And wake to ceaſeleſs Praiſe my Lyre.

PSALM VIII.

1 O LORD, our GOD, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy Works on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Thoſe moving Worlds of Light:

3 LORD, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhould'ſt viſit him with Grace,
And love his Nature ſo!

4 That thy eternal SON ſhould bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To ſave a dying Worm!

5 Let Him be crown'd with Majeſty,
Who bow'd his Head to Death:
And be his Honours founded high,
By all Things that have Breath.

6 JESUS, our LORD, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

PSALM IX.

1 TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O LORD,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning World, thy Works,
Thy wond'rous Works, declare.

2 The Thought of them ſhall to my Soul
Exalted Pleaſures bring;
While to thy Name, O Thou MOST HIGH,
Triumphant Praiſe I ſing.

3 GOD is a conſtant, ſure Defence
Againſt oppreſſing Rage;
As Troubles riſe, his needful Aids
In our Behalf engage.

4 All thoſe who have his Goodneſs prov'd,
Will in his Truth confide;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man
That on his Help rely'd.

5 Sing Praiſes therefore to the LORD,
From *Sion* his Abode,
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
Confeſs no other GOD.

PSALM X. Metre i.

1 WHY doth the LORD ſtand off ſo far?
And why conceal his Face,
When great Calamities appear,
And Times of deep Diſtreſs?

2 LORD, ſhall the Wicked ſtill deride
Thy Juſtice and thy Pow'r?
Shall they advance their Heads in Pride,
And ſtill thy Saints devour?

3 They put thy Judgments from their Sight,
And then inſult the Poor;
They boaſt in their exalted Height,
That they ſhall fall no more.

4 Ariſe, O GOD, lift up thine Hand,
Attend our humble Cry;
No Enemy ſhall dare to ſtand
When GOD aſcends on High.

5 Thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray,
And cauſe thine Ear to hear;—
He hearkens what his Children ſay,
And puts the World in Fear.

6 Proud Tyrants ſhall no more oppreſs,
No more deſpiſe the Juſt;
And mighty Sinners ſhall confeſs
They are but Earth and Duſt.

PSALM X. Metre ii.

1 THINE is the Throne:—Beneath thy Reign,
Immortal KING! the Tribes profane
Behold their Dreams of Conqueſt o'er,
And vaniſh to be ſeen no more.

2 The meek Obſerver of thy Laws
To Thee commits his injur'd Cauſe;
In Thee, each anxious Fear reſign'd,
The Fatherleſs a Father find.

3 Thou, LORD, thy People's Wiſh canſt read,
Ere from their Lips the Pray'r proceed;
'Tis thine their drooping Hearts to rear,
And bow to ev'ry Sigh thine Ear:

4 The weeping Orphan's Cheek to dry,
The guiltleſs Suff'rer's Cauſe to try;
To rein each earth-born Tyrant's Will,
And bid the Sons of Pride be ſtill.

PSALM XI.

1 MY Refuge is the GOD of Love;
Why do my Foes inſult and cry
"Fly like a tim'rous, trembling Dove;
"To diſtant Woods or Mountains fly?"

2 If Government be all deſtroy'd,
(That firm Foundation of our Peace)
And Violence make Juſtice void,
Where ſhall the Righteous ſeek Redreſs?

3 The LORD in Heav'n has fix'd his Throne;
His Eyes ſurvey the World below:
To him all mortal Things are known;
His Eyelids ſearch our Spirits through.

4 If he afflicts his Saints so far,
To prove their Love, and try their Grace,
What may the bold Transgressors fear?
His very Soul abhors their Ways.

5 The righteous LORD loves righteous Souls,
Whose Thoughts and Actions are sincere;
And with a gracious Eye beholds
The Men that his own Image bear.

PSALM XII.

1 O Help me, LORD, for few I see,
Whose Acts conform to thy Decree;
New Arts of Fraud each Heart has known,
And speaks a Language not its own;
But GOD with Vengeance arm'd shall rise,
And scourge the Tongues of Pride and Lies.

2 "Enough (th' eternal SIRE has cry'd)
"Enough my suff'ring Saints have sigh'd,
"To me disclos'd their ceaseless Fear,
"And pour'd their Sorrows in mine Ear;
"My Hand shall see their Wrongs redrest,
"And sooth to Peace the troubled Breast."

3 Pure are thy Words, Almighty LORD,
As Silver oft by Fire explor'd:
Thy Love each faithful Heart shall share,
And joy in thy protecting Care
Unmov'd;--tho' Wrongs the Earth o'erspread,
And Vice triumphant lifts its Head.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face?
My GOD, how long delay?
When ſhall I feel thoſe heav'nly Rays
That chaſe my Fears away?

2 How long ſhall my poor lab'ring Soul
Wreſtle and toil in vain?
Thy Word can all my Foes control,
And eaſe my raging Pain.

3 See how the Prince of Darkneſs tries
All his malicious Arts,
He ſpreads a Miſt around my Eyes,
And throws his fiery Darts.

4 Be Thou my Sun, be Thou my Shield,
My Soul in Safety keep;
Make haſte before mine eyes are ſeal'd
In Death's eternal Sleep.

5 Since I have always plac'd my Truſt
Beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then
My Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring.

6 Thou wilt diſplay that ſov'reign Grace
Where all my Hopes have hung;
I ſhall employ my Lips in Praiſe,
And Vict'ry ſhall be ſung.

PSALM XV.

1 LORD, who's the happy Man that may
To thy bleſt Courts repair?
Not Stranger like, to viſit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 The Man who walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands;
Who truſts his Maker's Promiſes,
And follows his Commands.

3 He ſpeaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor ſlanders with his Tongue;
Will ſcarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.

4 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
Can treat with juſt Neglect;
And Piety, though cloth'd in Rags,
Religiouſly reſpect.

5 Who to his plighted Vows and Truſt
Has ever firmly ſtood;
And though he promiſe to his Loſs,
He makes his Promiſe good.

6 Whoſe Hands diſdain a golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor;
This Man, when Earth's Foundation ſhakes,
Shall ſtand with GOD ſecure.

PSALM XVI.

1 PReſerve me, LORD, in Time of Need,
For Succour to thy Throne I flee,
But have no Merits there to plead;
My Goodneſs cannot reach to Thee.

2 Oft have my Heart and Tongue confeſt
How empty and how poor I am,
My Praiſe can never make Thee bleſt,
Nor add new Glories to thy Name.

3 Yet, LORD, thy Saints on Earth may reap
Some Profit by the Good I do;
Theſe are the Company I keep,
Theſe are the choiceſt Friends I know.

4 Let others chooſe the Sons of Mirth,
To give a Reliſh to their Wine;
I love the Men of heav'nly Birth,
Whoſe Thoughts and Language are divine.

PART II.

5 HOW faſt their Guilt and Sorrows riſe,
Who haſte to ſeek ſome Idol-God!
I will not taſte their Sacrifice,
Their Off'rings of forbidden Blood.

6 My GOD provides a richer Cup,
And nobler Food to live upon:
He for my Life has offer'd up
JESUS his beſt beloved Son.

7 His Love is my perpetual Feaſt;
By Day his Counſels guide me right:
And be his Name for ever bleſt,
Who gives me ſweet Advice by Night.

8 I ſet Him ſtill before mine Eyes;
At my right Hand He ſtands, prepar'd
To keep my Soul from all Surpriſe,
And be my everlaſting Guard.

PART III.

9 WHEN GOD is nigh, my Faith is ſtrong,
His Arm is my Almighty Prop:
Be glad my Heart, rejoice my Tongue,
My dying Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope.

10 Tho' in the Duſt I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious GOD, thou wilt not leave
My Soul for ever with the Dead,
Nor loſe thy Children in the Grave.

11 My Fleſh ſhall thy firſt Call obey,
Shake off the Duſt, and riſe on high;
Then ſhalt thou lead the wondrous Way
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

12 There ſtreams of endleſs Pleaſure flow;
And full Diſcov'ries of thy Grace
(Which we but taſted here below)
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

PSALM XVII. Metre i.

1 ARISE, my gracious GOD,
And make the Wicked flee:
They are but thy chaſtizing Rod,
To drive thy Saints to Thee.

2 Behold, the Sinner dies,
His haughty Words are vain;
Here in this Life his Pleaſure lies,
And all beyond is Pain.

3 Then let his Pride advance,
And boaſt of all his Store;
The LORD is my Inheritance,
My Soul can wiſh no more.

4 I ſhall behold the Face
Of my forgiving GOD;
And ſtand complete in Righteouſneſs,
Waſh'd in my Saviour's Blood.

5 There's a new Heav'n begun
When I awake from Death,
Dreſt in the Likeneſs of thy SON,
And draw immortal Breath.

PSALM XVII. Metre ii.

1 LORD, I am thine, but Thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love:
When Men of Spite againſt me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

2 Their Hope and Portion lie below;
'Tis all the Happineſs they know,
'Tis all they ſeek; they take their Shares,
And leave the reſt among their Heirs.

3 What Sinners value, I reſign;
LORD, 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful Face,
And ſtand complete in Righteouſneſs.

4 This Life's a Dream, an empty Show;
But the bright World to which I go,
Hath Joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake, and find me there?

5 O glorious Hour! O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near and like my GOD!
And Fleſh and Sin no more control
The ſacred Pleaſures of the Soul.

6 My Fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the Ground,
Till the laſt Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Then burſt the Chains with ſweet Surpriſe;
And in my SAVIOUR's Image riſe.

PSALM XVIII.

1 BLEST Object of my Soul's Deſire,
On Thee my ſtedfaſt Hope I build;
To Thee my grateful Thoughts aſpire;
My GOD, my Reſt, my Rock, my Shield.

2 To Thee my Tow'r, my Strength, I'll pray;
What Foes ſhall then my Terror raiſe?
What Bands combin'd my Heart diſmay,
While thus I pay my Debt of Praiſe?

3 Death arm'd with Terrors, held with Woes,
Around me caſt with diſmal Shade;
While Floods of high Temptations roſe,
And made my ſinking Soul afraid.

4 To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r;
To GOD addreſs'd my humble Moan;
He graciouſly inclin'd his Ear,
And heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART II.

5 WHEN GOD aroſe my Part to take,
The conſcious Earth was ſtruck with Fear;
The Hills did at his Preſence ſhake,
Nor could his dreadful Fury bear.

6 Thick Clouds of Smoke diſpers'd abroad,
Enſigns of Wrath before Him came;
Devouring Fire around Him glow'd,
That Coals were kindled at its Flame.

7 He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
While Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head;
Beneath his Feet ſubſtantial Night
Was like a ſable Carpet ſpread.

8 The Chariot of the KING of Kings,
Which active Troops of Angels drew,
On a ſtrong Tempeſt's rapid Wings
With glowing Wheels impetuous flew.

9 Black wat'ry Miſts and Clouds conſpir'd
With thickeſt Shades his Face to veil;
But at his Brightneſs ſoon retir'd,
And fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.

10 Thro' Heav'ns wide Arch a thund'ring Peal
GOD's angry Voice did loudly roar;
While Earth's ſad Face with Heaps of Hail,
And Flakes of Fire was cover'd o'er.

PART III.

11 GREAT GOD, when thy fierce Fury ſtorm'd,
Diſtracted Nature trembling lay;
And the unfathom'd Deep, deform'd
Through horrid Ruptures, felt the Day.

12 The Sea's old Parent-Springs appear'd,
And the great World's Foundations torn;
The tott'ring Hills their Dooms-day fear'd,
By thy impetuous Wrath o'erborne.

13 To me yet was his Love engag'd,
His Brow with ſofter Glory ſhin'd;
He ſav'd me from the Gulphs enrag'd,
And all the greedy Floods combin'd.

14 His gracious Arm ſtill reſcues me
From all my Foes' inſulting Hate;
That Arm, which me alone can free,
And their prevailing Force abate.

15 Their Rage my ſaddeſt Moments watch'd,
But GOD was then my Guard, my Stay;
He lov'd, he lov'd my Soul, and ſnatch'd
From hungry Jaws the fainting Prey.

PART IV.

16 JUST are thy Ways, and true thy Word,
Great ROCK of my ſecure Abode:
Who is a God beſide the LORD?
Or where's a Refuge like our GOD?

17 'Tis He that girds me with his Might,
Gives me his holy Sword to wield;
And while with Sin and Hell I fight,
Spreads his Salvation for my Shield.

18 He lives (and bleſſed be my ROCK),
The GOD of my Salvation lives:
The dark Deſigns of Hell are broke;
Sweet is the Peace my FATHER gives.

19 Before the Scoffers of the Age,
I will exalt my FATHER's Name;
Nor tremble at their mighty Rage,
But meet Reproach, and bear the Shame.

20 To *David* and his royal Seed
Thy Grace for ever ſhall extend:
Thy Love to Saints in CHRIST their Head,
Knows not a Limit, nor an End.

PSALM XIX. Metre i.

1 BEHOLD the lofty Sky
Declares its Maker GOD,
And all his ſtarry Works on high
Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.

2 The Darkneſs and the Light
Still keep their Courſe the ſame;
While Night to Day, and Day to Night,
Divinely teach his Name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent Land
Their gen'ral Voice is known;
They ſhew the Wonders of his Hand,
And Orders of his Throne

4 His Laws are juſt and pure,
His Truth without Deceit,
His Promiſes for ever ſure,
And his Rewards are great.

5 Not Honey to the Taſte
Affords ſo much Delight,
Nor Gold that has the Furnace paſs'd
So much allures the Sight.

6 While of thy Works I ſing,
Thy Glory to proclaim,
Accept the Praiſe, my GOD, my KING,
In my REDEEMER's Name.

PART II.

7 BEHOLD the Morning Sun
Begins his glorious Way;
His Beams through all the Nations run,
And Life and Light convey.

8 But where the Goſpel comes,
It ſpreads diviner Light;
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the Blind their Sight.

9 How perfect is thy Word!
And all thy Judgments just:
For ever sure thy Promise, LORD,
And Men securely trust.

10 I hear thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

11 Warn me of ev'ry Sin;
Forgive my secret Faults;
And cleanse this guilty Soul of mine,
Whose Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

12 While with my Heart and Tongue
I spread thy Praise abroad;
Accept the Worship and the Song,
My SAVIOUR and my GOD!

PSALM XIX. Metre ii.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, LORD,
In ev'ry Star thy Wisdom shines;
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

2 The rolling Sun, the changing Light,
And Nights and Days thy Pow'r confess;
But the blest Volume Thou hast writ
Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.

3 Sun, Moon, and Stars, convey thy Praise
Round the whole Earth, and never stand:
So when thy Truth began its Race,
It touch'd, and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.

4 Nor ſhall thy ſpreading Goſpel reſt,
Till thro' the World thy Truth has run:
Till CHRIST has all the Nations bleſt
That ſee the Light, or feel the Sun.

5 Great SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark World with heav'nly Light;
Thy Goſpel makes the Simple wiſe,
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.

6 Thy nobleſt Wonders here we view
In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiv'n;
LORD, cleanſe my Sins, my Soul renew,
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

PSALM XIX. Metre iii.

1 THE ſpacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal Sky,
And ſpangled Heav'ns, a ſhining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim:

2 Th' unweary'd Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r diſplay;
And publiſhes to ev'ry Land,
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

3 Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly, to the liſt'ning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth:

4 While all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the Truth from *Pole* to *Pole*.

5 What though, in solemn Silence, All
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball?
What though nor real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?

6 In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The HAND that made Us is DIVINE."

PSALM XX.

1 NOW may the GOD of Pow'r and Grace
Attend his People's humble Cry!
JEHOVAH hears when *Israel* prays,
And brings Deliv'rance from on High.

2 The Name of *Jacob's* GOD defends,
Better than Shields or brazen Walls;
He, from his Sanctuary, sends
Succour and Strength, when *Zion* calls.

3 Well he remembers all our Sighs;
His Love exceeds our best Deserts;
His Love accepts the Sacrifice
Of humble Groans and broken Hearts.

4 Some trust in Horses train'd for War,
And some of Chariots make their Boasts;
Our surest Expectations are
From THEE, the LORD of heav'nly Hosts.

5 Now save us, LORD, from slavish Fear,
Now let our Hope be firm and strong,
Till thy Salvation shall appear,
And Joy and Triumph raise the Song.

PSALM XXI.

1 HOW great is the MESSIAH's Joy
In the Salvation of thy Hand!
LORD, Thou haſt rais'd his Kingdom high,
And giv'n the World to his Command.

2 Thy Goodneſs grants whate'er He will,
Nor doth the leaſt Requeſt withhold;
Bleſſings of Love prevent him ſtill,
And Crowns of Glory, not of Gold.

3 Honour and Majeſty divine
Around his ſacred Temples ſhine;
Bleſt with the Favour of thy Face,
And Length of everlaſting Days.

4 Thine Hand ſhall find out all his Foes,
And as a fiery Oven glows
With raging Heat and living Coals,
So ſhall thy Wrath devour their Souls.

PSALM XXII.

1 "WHY has my GOD my Soul forſook,
"Nor will a Smile afford?"
(Thus *David* once in Anguiſh ſpoke
And thus our dying LORD.)

2 Though 'tis thy chief Delight to dwe
Among thy praiſing Saints,
Yet Thou canſt hear a Groan as well,
And pity our Complaints.

3 Shaking the Head they paſs me by,
And laugh my Soul to ſcorn;
"In vain he truſts in God," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."

4 But Thou art He who form'd my Fleſh
By thine Almighty Word;
And ſince I hung upon the Breaſt,
My Hope is in the LORD.

PART II.

5 ONCE did our ſuff'ring SAVIOUR pray,
With mighty Cries and Tears;
GOD heard him in that dreadful Day,
And chas'd away his Fears.

6 Great was the Vict'ry of his Death;
His Throne exalted high;
And all the Kindreds of the Earth
Shall worſhip, or ſhall die.

7 A num'rous Offspring muſt ariſe
From his expiring Groans;
They ſhall be reckon'd in his Eyes
For Daughters and for Sons.

8 The meek and humble Souls ſhall ſee
His Table richly ſpread:
And all that ſeek the LORD ſhall be
With Joys immortal fed.

9 The Iſles ſhall know the Righteouſneſs
Of our incarnate GOD;
And Nations yet unborn profeſs
Salvation in his Blood.

PSALM XXIII. Metre i.

1 THE LORD my Shepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd:
Since He is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

2 He leads me to the Place
Where heav'nly Paſture grows;
Where living Waters gently paſs,
And full Salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my Soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right Way,
For his moſt holy Name.

4 While he affords his Aid,
I cannot yield to Fear:
Tho' I ſhould walk thro' Death's dark Shade,
My SHEPHERD's with me there.

5 In Sight of all my Foes,
Thou doſt my Table ſpread,
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
And Joy exalts my Head.

6 The Bounties of thy Love
Shall crown my following Days;
Nor from thy Houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy Praiſe.

PSALM XXIII. Metre ii.

1 MY SHEPHERD will ſupply my Need,
JEHOVAH is his Name;
In Paſtures freſh He makes me feed,
Beſide the living Stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring Spirit back,
When I forſake his Ways;
And leads me, for his Mercy's Sake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

3 When I walk through the Shades of Death,
Thy Presence is my Stay;
A Word of thy supporting Breath
Drives all my Fears away.

4 Thy Hand, in Sight of all my Foes,
Doth still my Table spread;
My Cup with Blessings overflows;
Thine Oil anoints my Head.

5 The sure Provisions of my GOD
Attend me all my Days;
O may thy House be mine Abode,
And all my Work be Praise.

6 There would I find a settled Rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a Stranger or a Guest,
But like a Child at Home.

PSALM XXIII. Metre iii.

1 MY SHEPHERD is the living LORD;
Now shall my Wants be well supply'd:
His Providence and holy Word
Become my Safety and my Guide.

2 In Pastures where Salvation grows,
He makes me feed, He makes me rest;
There living Water gently flows,
And all the Food divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring Feet his Ways mistake,
But He restores my Soul to Peace;
And leads me for his Mercy's Sake
In the fair Paths of Righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy Vale,
Where Death and all its Terrors are,
My Heart and Hope ſhall never fail,
For GOD my SHEPHERD's with me there.

5 Amidſt the Darkneſs and the Deeps
Thou art my Comfort, Thou my Stay:
Thy *Staff* ſupports my feeble Steps,
Thy *Rod* directs my doubtful Way.

6 The Sons of Earth and Sons of Hell
Gaze at thy Goodneſs, and repine
To ſee my Table ſpread ſo well
With living Bread and cheerful Wine.

7 How I rejoice, when on my Head
Thy SPIRIT condeſcends to reſt!
'Tis a divine Anointing, ſhed
Like Oil of Gladneſs at a Feaſt.

8 Surely the Mercies of the LORD
Attend his Houſehold all their Days;
There will I dwell to hear his Word,
To ſeek his Face, and ſing his Praiſe.

PSALM XXIII. Metre iv.

1 TO thy Paſtures, fair and large,
Heav'nly SHEPHERD, lead thy Charge;
And my Couch with tend'reſt Care,
Midſt the ſpringing Graſs prepare.

2 When I faint with Summer's Heat,
Thou ſhalt guide my weary Feet
To the Streams, that, ſtill and ſlow,
Through the verdant Meadows flow.

3 Thou my Soul anew ſhalt frame,
And thy Mercy to proclaim,
When through devious Paths I ſtray,
Teach my Steps the better Way.

4 Safe the dreary Vale I tread,
By the Shades of Death o'erſpread,
With thy *Rod* and *Staff* ſupply'd,
This my Guard, and that my Guide.

5 Thou my plenteous Board haſt ſpread,
Thou with Oil refreſh'd my Head;
Fill'd by Thee my Cup o'erflows,
For thy Love no Limit knows.

6 Conſtant to my lateſt End
Thou my Footſteps ſhalt attend;
And ſhalt bid thy hallow'd Dome
Yield me an eternal Home.

PSALM XXIII. Metre v.

1 THE LORD my Paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care,
His Preſence ſhall my Wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
My Noon-Day Walks He ſhall attend,
And all my Midnight Hours defend.

2 When in the ſultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty Mountain pant,
To fertile Vales, and dewy Meads
My weary wand'ring Steps He leads;
Where peaceful Rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant Landſkip flow.

3 Though in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overſpread;
My ſtedfaſt Heart ſhall fear no Ill,
For Thou, O LORD, art with me ſtill:
Thy friendly Crook ſhall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged Way
Through devious, lonely Wilds I ſtray;
Thy Bounty ſhall my Pains beguile,
The barren Wilderneſs ſhall ſmile
With ſudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams ſhall murmur all around.

PSALM XXIV. Metre i.

1 THE Earth for ever is the LORD's,
With *Adam's* num'rous Race;
He rais'd its Arches o'er the Floods,
And built it on the Seas.

2 But who among the Sons of Men
May viſit thine Abode?—
He that has Hands from Miſchief clean,
Whoſe Heart is right with GOD.

3 This is the Man may riſe and take
The Bleſſings of his Grace:
This is the Lot of thoſe that ſeek
The GOD of *Jacob*'s Face.

PART II.

4 NOW let our Souls immortal Pow'rs
To meet the LORD prepare:
Lift up your Heads, eternal Doors!
The KING OF GLORY's near.

5 Who is the King of Glory? who
His wondrous Name can tell?
The LORD OF HOSTS, who dwelt below,
And conquer'd Sin and Hell.

6 JESUS, the God of boundleſs Might,
Whom Heav'n and Earth obey;
Lift up your Heads, ye Gates of Light,
Eternal Doors, give Way!

7 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The LORD of HOSTS renown'd:
Glory to HIM alone is due,
Who is with Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXIV. Metre ii.

1 THE Earth and all her Fulneſs owns
JEHOVAH for her ſov'reign LORD:
The countleſs Myriads of her Sons
Roſe into Being at his Word.

2 His Word did out of Nothing call
The World,—and founded All that is;
Built on the Floods this ſolid Ball,
And fix'd it in the floating Seas.

3 But who ſhall quit this low Abode?
Who ſhall aſcend the heav'nly Place?
And ſtand upon the Mount of GOD?
And ſee his MAKER Face to Face?

4 The Man whoſe Hands and Heart are pure
That bleſſed Portion ſhall poſſeſs:
Him ſhall the LORD from Sin ſecure,
And clothe and crown with Righteouſneſs.

5 Such only form the chosen Choir
Who seek the Face of *Jacob*'s GOD;
Whose Feet, with licens'd Step, aspire
To visit *Sion*'s blest Abode.

PART II.

6 OUR LORD is risen from the Dead,
Our SAVIOUR is gone up on high;
The Pow'rs of Hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.

7 There his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay;
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates!
Ye everlasting Doors, give Way!

8 Loose all your Bars of massy Light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal Scene:
He claims the Mansions as his Right,
Receive the KING OF GLORY in.

9 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The LORD that all his Foes o'ercame,
The *World*, *Sin*, *Death*, and *Hell* o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's Name.

10 Lo! his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay;
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates!
Ye everlasting Doors, give Way!

11 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The LORD of glorious Power possest;
The KING of Saints and Angels too,
GOD over All, for ever blest.

PSALM XXV.

1 I LIFT my Soul to GOD,
My Truſt is in his Name;
Let not my Foes, that ſeek my Blood,
Still triumph in my Shame.

2 Sin, and the Pow'r of Hell,
Perſuade me to deſpair;
LORD, make me know thy Cov'nant well,
That I may 'ſcape the Snare.

3 From the firſt dawning Light
Till the dark Ev'ning riſe,
For thy Salvation, LORD, I wait
With ever-longing Eyes.

4 Remember all thy Grace,
And lead me in thy Truth;
Forgive the Sins of riper Days,
And Follies of my Youth.

5 The LORD is juſt and kind;
The Meek ſhall learn his Ways;
And ev'ry humble Sinner find
The Methods of his Grace.

6 For his own Goodneſs' Sake
He ſaves my Soul from Shame;
He pardons (though my Guilt be great)
Through my REDEEMER's Name.

PART II.

7 WHERE ſhall the Man be found
Who fears t'offend his GOD?
Who loves the Goſpel's joyful Sound,
And trembles at the Rod?

8 The LORD ſhall make him know
The Secrets of his Heart;
The Wonders of his Cov'nant ſhow,
And all his Love impart.

9 The Dealings of his Hand
Are Truth and Mercy ſtill,
With ſuch as to his Cov'nant ſtand,
And love to do his Will.

10 Their Souls ſhall dwell at Eaſe
Before their MAKER's Face;
Their Seed ſhall taſte the Promiſes
In their extenſive Grace.

PART III.

11 MINE Eyes and my Deſire
Are ever to the LORD;
I love to plead his Promiſes,
And reſt upon his Word.

12 LORD, turn Thee to my Soul;
Bring thy Salvation near;
When will thy Hand releaſe my Feet
Out of the deadly Snare?

13 When ſhall the ſov'reign Grace
Of my forgiving GOD
Reſtore me from thoſe dang'rous Ways
My wand'ring Feet have trod?

14 Behold the Hoſts of Hell!
How cruel is their Hate!
Againſt my Life they riſe, and join
Their Fury with Deceit.

15 O keep my Soul from Death,
Nor put my Hope to Shame!
For I have plac'd my only Truſt
In my REDEEMER's Name.

16 With humble Feet I wait,
To ſee thy Face again;
Of *Iſrael* it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
"He fought the LORD in vain."

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUDGE me, O LORD, and prove my Ways,
And try my Reins, and try my Heart;
My Faith upon thy Promiſe ſtays,
Nor from thy Law my Feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to ſit,
With Men of Vanity and Lies;
The *Scoffer*, and the *Hypocrite*,
Are the Abhorrence of mine Eyes.

3 Among thy Saints will I appear;
With Hands well waſh'd in Innocence;
But when I ſtand before thy Bar,
The Blood of CHRIST is my Defence.

4 I love thy Habitation, LORD,
The Temple where thine Honours dwell;
There ſhall I hear thy holy Word,
And there thy Works of Wonder tell.

5 Let not my Soul be join'd at laſt
With Men of Treachery and Blood,
Since I my Days on Earth have paſt,
Among the Saints, and near my GOD.

PSALM XXVII. Metre i.

1 THE LORD of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too;
GOD is my Strength; nor will I fear
What all my Foes can do.

2 One Privilege my Heart desires;
O grant me an Abode
Among the Churches of thy Saints,
The Temples of my GOD!

3 There shall I offer my Requests,
And see thy Beauty still;
Shall hear thy Messages of Love,
And there inquire thy Will.

4 When Troubles rise, and Storms appear,
There may his Children hide;
GOD has a strong Pavilion, where
He makes my Soul abide.

5 Now shall my Head be lifted high
Above my Foes around,
And Songs of Joy and Victory
Within thy Temple sound.

PART II.

6 SOON as I heard my Father say
"Ye Children seek my Grace,"
My Heart reply'd without Delay,
"I'll seek my Father's Face."

7 Let not thy Face be hid from me,
Nor frown my Soul away;
GOD of my Life, I fly to Thee
In a distressing Day.

8 Should Friends and Kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My GOD would make my Life his Care,
And all my Need ſupply.

9 My fainting Fleſh had died with Grief,
Had not my Soul believ'd
To ſee thy Grace provide Relief;
Nor was my Hope deceiv'd.

10 Wait on the LORD, ye trembling Saints,
And keep your Courage up;
He'll raiſe your Spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your Hope.

PSALM XXVII. Metre ii.

1 THOU LORD, my Safety, THOU my Light,
What Danger ſhall my Soul affright?
Strength of my Life! what Arm ſhall dare
To hurt whom THOU haſt own'd thy Care?
Though gath'ring War around I ſee,
I fix, ſecure, my Truſt on THEE.

2 One Wiſh, with holy Tranſport warm,
My Heart has form'd, and yet ſhall form:
One Gift I aſk;—that to my End
Fair *Sion*'s Courts I may attend;
There, joyful, find a ſure Abode,
And view the Beauty of my GOD.

3 "Seek ye my Face with duteous Care,
"And frequent to my Throne repair;"
Thus to my Heart I hear Thee ſpeak;
"Thy Face, my Heart replies, I ſeek;"
Nor Thou, to my deſiring Eye,
Thy Preſence, heav'nly LORD, deny.

4 Adopted by thy Care, in Thee
The PARENT and the FRIEND I ſee;
O let me on thy Aid reclin'd,
Thee ſtill my great Salvation find,
Nor leave me, helpleſs and forlorn,
The Abſence of thy Grace to mourn.

5 With patient Hope, with Mind ſedate,
On *Iſrael*'s GOD expectant wait:
Be ſtrong, be ſtedfaſt:—So thy Heart
Shall feel his Grace its Aid impart:
Tho' preſs'd with Sorrow's heavieſt Load,
O fix thy Truſt on *Iſrael*'s GOD.

PSALM XXVIII.

1 GOD my Strength, to Thee I pray;
Turn not Thou thine Ear away;
Gracious to my Vows attend,
While the humble Knee I bend.

2 Give me not thy Wrath to know,
Nor to feel the vengeful Blow,
By thy juſt Decrees aſſign'd
To the Men of impious Mind.

3 On thy long-experienc'd Aid
See my Hope for ever ſtay'd;
While my Heart, with Joy poſſeſs'd,
Leaps within my throbbing Breaſt.

4 Grant me, LORD, thy Love to ſhare,
Feed me with a Shepherd's Care;
Save thy People from Diſtreſs,
And thy Patrimony bleſs.

PSALM XXIX.

1 SING, ye Sons of Might, O ſing,
Praiſe to Heav'n's eternal KING;
Pow'r and Strength to Him aſſign,
Bow before his hallow'd Shrine.

2 Hark! his Voice in Thunder breaks;—
Huſh'd to Silence when He ſpeaks,
Ocean's Waves, from *Pole* to *Pole*,
Hear the awful Accents roll.

3 See as louder yet they riſe,
Echoing through the vaulted Skies;
See, uprooted from its Seat,
Lebanon itſelf retreat!

4 Now the burſting Clouds give way,
And the vivid Lightnings play!
Now the Wilds, by Man untrod,
Hear, diſmay'd, th' approaching GOD!

5 Proſtrate on the ſacred Floor,
Bow, ye Saints, his Name adore:
While his Acts, to ev'ry Tongue,
Yield its Argument of Song.

6 He the ſwelling Surge commands,
Fix'd his Throne for ever ſtands;
He his People ſhall increaſe,
Arm with Strength, and bleſs with Peace.

PSALM XXX.

1 I'LL celebrate thy Praiſes, LORD,
Who didſt thy Pow'r employ
To raiſe my drooping Head, and check
My Foe's inſulting Joy.

2 Thus to his Courts ye Saints of his
With Songs of Praiſe repair;
With me commemorate his Truth,
And providential Care.

3 His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign,
His Favour no Decay;
Your Night of Grief is recompens'd
With Joy's returning Day.

PART II.

4 ONCE, bleſs'd with Peace, I boaſting ſaid
I ne'er ſhould fall, nor move:
Thou, LORD, my Hill ſo ſtrong haſt made
By thy ſurrounding Love.

5 Thy Face withdrawn, a thouſand Cares
Diſturb'd my tortur'd Breaſt:
Then I my GOD, with earneſt Pray'rs
And fervent Cries, address'd.

6 "What Honours can my Blood to Thee,
"My Death what Trophies raiſe?
"Can mould'ring Duſt thy Glories ſee,
"Thy Truth or Goodneſs praiſe?

7 "Hear, LORD, and pity him who mourns;
"To my Aſſiſtance fly!"
Thy Love my Tears to dancing turns,
My ſable Weeds to Joy.

8 Exalted thus, I'll gladly ſing
The Honours of thy Name;
And, as thy Mercies ceaſeleſs ſpring,
Thy ceaſeleſs Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM XXXI.

1 GOD of my Strength, the Wiſe, the Juſt,
To Thee my Spirit I intruſt:
From Thee, when Terrors clos'd me round,
My Soul its full Redemption found.

2 Thy Mercy ſhall my Thanks employ,
For Thou my Theme, my Life, my Joy,
Haſt call'd me thine, and bid me ſhare
The Gifts of thy paternal Care.

3 O, how ſhall All who ſeek thy Love
The Fulneſs of thy Bounty prove!
And teach th' admiring World to ſee
How bleſt the Souls that truſt in Thee!

4 Thy Saints, while Breath their Life prolongs,
At Diſtance from the Strife of Tongues,
Shall ſee thy Tabernacle ſpread
Its awful Splendours o'er their Head.

5 Be ſtrong, be ſtedfaſt; ſo your Mind
From Him its full Support ſhall find;
Ye Saints that in his Care confide,
Nor own, nor aſk a Help beſide.

PSALM XXXII.

1 BLEST is the Man, for ever bleſs'd,
Whoſe Guilt is pardon'd by his GOD;
Whoſe Sins with Sorrow are confeſs'd,
And cover'd with his SAVIOUR's Blood.

2 Bleſt is the Man, to whom the LORD
Imputes not his Iniquities;
He pleads no Merit of Reward,
And not on Works, but Grace relies.

3 From Guile his Hearts and Lips are free;
His humble Joy, his holy Fear,
With deep Repentance well agree,
And join to prove his Faith ſincere.

4 How glorious is that Righteouſneſs
That hides and cancels all his Sins!
While a bright Evidence of Grace
Thro' his whole Life appears and ſhines.

PART II.

5 WHILE I keep Silence, and conceal
My heavy Guilt within my Heart,
What Torments doth my Conſcience feel,
What Agonies of inward Smart!

6 I ſpread my Sins before the LORD,
And all my ſecret Faults confeſs;
Thy Goſpel ſpeaks a pard'ning Word,
Thy HOLY SPIRIT ſeals the Grace.

7 For this ſhall ev'ry humble Soul
Make ſwift Addreſſes to thy Seat:
When Floods of ſtrong Temptations roll,
There ſhall they find a bleſt Retreat.

8 How ſafe beneath thy Wings I lie,
When Days grow dark, and Storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful Eye
Shall guide me ſafe from ev'ry Snare.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 LET all the Juſt, to GOD, with Joy,
Their cheerful Voices raiſe;
For well the Righteous it becomes
To ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.

2 How faithful is the Word of GOD!
His Works with Truth abound;
He Juſtice loves, and all the Earth
Is with his Goodneſs crown'd.

3 By his Almighty Word at firſt
The heav'nly Arch was rear'd:
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light
At his Command appear'd.

4 The ſwelling Floods together roll'd,
He makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Store-houſe ſafe,
The wat'ry Treaſures by.

5 Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before Him trembling ſtand:
For when he ſpake the Word, 'twas made,
'Twas fix'd at his Command.

6 He ſcorns the angry Nations' Rage,
And breaks their vain Deſigns:
His Counſel ſtands through ev'ry Age,
And in full Glory ſhines.

PART II.

7 BLEST is the Nation where the LORD
Hath fix'd his gracious Throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly Word,
And calls their Tribes his own.

8 His Eye, with infinite Survey,
Does the whole World behold;
He form'd us all of equal Clay,
And knows our feeble Mould.

9 Kings are not reſcu'd by the Force
Of Armies from the Grave;
Nor Speed nor Courage of an Horſe
Can the bold Rider ſave.

10 Vain is the Strength of Beaſts or Men,
To hope for Safety thence;
But holy Souls from GOD obtain
A ſtrong and ſure Defence.

11 GOD is their Fear, and GOD their Truſt,
When Plagues or Famines ſpread,
His watchful Eye ſecures the Juſt
Among ten thouſand Dead.

12 LORD, let our Hearts in Thee rejoice,
And bleſs us from thy Throne;
For we have made thy Word our Choice,
And truſt thy Grace alone.

PSALM XXXIV. Metre i.

1 THrough all the changing Scenes of Life,
In Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my GOD ſhall ſtill
My Heart and Tongue employ.

2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boaſt,
Till All that are diſtreſt
From my Example Comfort take,
And charm their Griefs to reſt.

3 O magnify the LORD with Me,
With Me exalt his Name;
When in Diſtreſs to him I call'd,
He to my Reſcue came.

4 The Hosts of GOD encamp around
The Dwellings of the Just;
Deliv'rance He affords to All
Who on his Succour trust.

5 O make but Trial of his Love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his Truth confide.

6 Fear HIM, ye Saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his Service your Delight,
He'll make your Wants his Care.

PSALM XXXIV. Metre ii.

1 THEE will I thank, and Day by Day
Form to thy Praise the joyful Lay;
From Morn to Eve the Song extend,
My GOD, my FATHER, and my FRIEND.

2 While pleas'd each Heart of humble Frame
Shall wake, great GOD, to hear thy Fame;
O come, your Voice triumphant raise,
And sing, with me, your Maker's Praise.

3 To Him my Soul disclos'd its Care;
He heard, and, present to my Pray'r,
(His faithful Buckler o'er me held)
Each Terror from my Breast dispell'd.

4 His Angel, nigh the just Man's Tent
Encamp'd, each Danger to prevent,
His sure Protection round him throws,
Though harness'd Hosts his Peace oppose.

5 O taſte with me, O taſte, and prove
The Bleſſings of his boundleſs Love;
And (fearleſs of Repulſe or Shame)
The Promiſe of his Mercy claim.

6 Hail, SAVIOUR of the human Race!
Hail, FOUNTAIN of exhauſtleſs Grace!
Thrice happy, who on THEE recline,
Nor own, nor aſk a Help, but Thine.

PSALM XXXV.

1 PLEAD THOU my Cauſe, O LORD:—[my Foes
Let thy reſiſtleſs Pow'r oppoſe;
Say to my troubled Soul, "In ME
"Thy Strength and ſure Salvation ſee."

2 Thou ſeeſt my Foes a Pit prepare,
And plant before my Steps their Snare;
Thou ſeeſt them urge (to Falſehood prone)
The Guilt my Breaſt has never known.

3 Yet I their Suff'rings oft lament,
Oft at thy Throne their Griefs preſent;
(And find the Pray'r their Pride has ſpurn'd,
With Bleſſings on my Head return'd).

4 Nor feels the Son his melting Breaſt
With deeper Senſe his Grief impreſs'd,
That graſps a dying Mother's Hand,
And waits to take her laſt Command.

5 Not ſuch the Pity to me borne,
From [illegible] Abjection ſcorn!
With patient Eye behold my Wrong?

6 O let not my uninjur'd Foes
With ſpeaking Eye, amidſt my Woes,
As round they ſtand in cloſe Array,
The Triumphs of their Heart betray.

7 But near me rang'd, with thankful Voice
Let ev'ry Friend to Truth rejoice;
While, loudeſt in the Choir, my Tongue
To Notes of Praiſe ſhall tune its Song:

8 " Bleſt be the Name of *Jacob*'s LORD,
" The GOD by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
" Who joys his Servant's Cauſe to plead,
" And crowns with Peace his favour'd Head."

PSALM XXXVI.

1 O LORD, thy Mercy (my ſure Hope)
The higheſt Orb of Heav'n tranſcends;
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Scope
Beyond the ſpreading Skies extends.

2 Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains;
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains;
The whole Creation is thy Care.

3 Since of thy Goodneſs All partake,
With what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
And Saints to thy Protection truſt?

4 Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be led,
To banquet on thy Love's Repaſt,
And drink [illegible] for ever laſt.

5 With THEE the Springs of Life remain,
Thy Presence is eternal Day;
O let thy Saints thy Favour gain,
To upright Hearts thy Truth display.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 LET not the Sinner's Wealth or Might
The Envy of thy Soul excite:
Anon thine Eye shall see him fade,
Quick as the Flow'r or vernal Blade.

2 But thou thy Will to Heav'n's high LORD
(His TRUTH thy Trust, thy Rule his WORD)
Submit;—and nourish'd by his Hand
Inherit from his Gift the Land.

3 In Him delight, on Him depend;
Him choose thy GUIDE, thy WAY, thy END;
So shall his Love thy Wishes grant,
His Care anticipate thy Want.

4 He'll bid thy Acts, in Light serene,
Far as the rising Morn be seen;
Thy Justice as the Noon of Day,
Diffusive, pour its cloudless Ray.

5 With patient Hope await his Will,
Nor let the Sight of prosp'rous Ill
Impel thee, with Disquiet vain,
His wise Disposals to arraign.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 O Spare me, LORD, nor o'er my Head
The Fulness of thy Vengeance shed;
Pierc'd by thy Shafts, great GOD, I stand,
And feel the Pressure of thy Hand.

2 My Friends, and next Allies by Birth,
(Once kind Companions of my Mirth,
When wing'd with Health the Moments flew)
My Griefs with distant Horror view.

3 But Thou, best ADVOCATE, art nigh;
On THEE, great GOD, my Hopes rely;
O vindicate my Fame from Wrong,
And silence the reproachful Tongue.

4 Thou seest how prone to slip my Feet,
What Woes my Eyes incessant meet;
Nor shuns my Soul its Guilt to own,
But sorrowing bows before thy Throne.

5 O let me (rais'd by THEE) no more
The Absence of thine Aid deplore;
GOD of my Life, recede not far,
But haste, and make that Life thy Care.

PSALM XXXIX.

1 TEACH me the Measure of my Days,
Thou MAKER of my Frame!
I would survey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A Span is all that we can boast,
An Inch or two of Time;
Man is but Vanity and Dust,
In all his Flow'r and Prime.

3 See the vain Race of Mortals move,
Like Shadows o'er the Plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their Noise is vain.

4 Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
Some dig for golden Ore;
They toil for Heirs, they know not who,
And ſtrait are ſeen no more.

5 What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then,
From Creatures, Earth, and Duſt?
They make our Expectations vain,
And diſappoint our Truſt.

6 Now I forbid my carnal Hope,
My fond Deſires recall;
I give my mortal Int'reſt up,
And make my GOD my All.

PSALM XL. Metre i.

1 I Meekly waited for the LORD,
He bow'd to hear my Cry:
He ſaw me reſting on his Word,
And brought Salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid Pit,
Where mourning long I lay;
And from my Bonds releas'd my Feet,
Deep Bonds of miry Clay.

3 Firm on a Rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my cheerful Tongue
To praiſe the Wonders of his Hand,
In a new thankful Song.

4 I'll ſpread his Works of Grace abroad;
The ſaints with Joy ſhall hear,
And Sinners learn to make my GOD
Their only Hope and Fear.

5 How many are thy Thoughts of Love!
Thy Mercies, LORD, how great!
Nor Words nor Hours sufficient prove
Their Numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And Light and Peace depart;
My GOD beholds my heavy Woe,
And bears me on his Heart.

PART II.

7 THUS saith the LORD, "Your Work is vain,
"Give your Burnt-Off'rings o'er;
"In dying Goats and Bullocks slain
"My Soul delights no more."

8 Then spake the SAVIOUR, "Lo! I'm here,
"My GOD, to do thy Will;
"Whate'er thy sacred Books declare
"Thy Servant shall fulfil.

9 "Thy Law is ever in my Sight,
"I keep it near my Heart;
"Mine Eyes are open'd with Delight
"To what thy Lips impart."

10 Thus he reveal'd his FATHER's Grace,
And thus his Truth He shew'd,
And preach'd the Way of Righteousness
Where great Assemblies stood.

11 His FATHER's Honour touch'd his Heart,
He pity'd Sinners' Cries,
And, to fulfil a SAVIOUR's Part,
Was made a Sacrifice.

12 No Blood of Beasts on Altars shed
Could wash the Conscience clean;
But the rich Sacrifice He paid,
Atones for all our Sin.

PSALM XL. Metre ii.

1 THE Wonders, LORD, thy Love hath wrought,
Exceed our Praise, surmount our Thought;
Should I attempt the long Detail,
My Speech would faint, my Numbers fail.

2 No Blood of Beasts on Altars spilt,
Can cleanse the Souls of Men from Guilt;
But thou hast set before our Eyes
An All-sufficient SACRIFICE.

3 Lo! thine eternal SON appears!
To thy Desire He bows his Ears,
Assumes a Body well prepar'd,
And well performs a Work so hard.

4 "Behold, I come," (the SAVIOUR cries,
With Love and Duty in his Eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy Load
"Of Sins; and do thy Will, my GOD.

5 "'Tis written in thy great Decree,
"'Tis in thy Book foretold of Me;
"I must fulfil the SAVIOUR's Part;
"And lo! thy Law is in my Heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy Law,
"And Rebels to Obedience draw,
"When on my Cross I'm lifted high,
"Or to my Crown above the Sky:

7 " The SPIRIT ſhall deſcend, and ſhow
" What Thou haſt done, and what I do;
" The wond'ring World ſhall learn thy Grace,
" Thy Wiſdom and thy Righteouſneſs."

PSALM XL. Metre ii.

1 WITH patient Hope my GOD I ſought;
He to his Suppliant's Want his [Thought
In happieſt Hour apply'd:
He, from the dark and miry Pit,
High on a Rock has rais'd my Feet,
Nor fear my Steps to ſlide.

2 His Praiſe inſpires my grateful Tongue,
And dictates to my Lips a Song
In Strains unheard before;
Admiring Crowds his Work ſhall ſee,
Their Strength on Him repoſe with Me,
With Me his Name adore.

3 Bleſt who in Thee, great GOD, confide,
Nor madly truſt the Arm of Pride,
And Helps which but betray.
Thy Mercies, LORD, all Praiſe ſurmount,
Nor Numbers can their Sum recount,
Nor Words their Worth diſplay.

PART II.

4 NO Sacrifice thy Love can win,
Nor Off'rings from the Stain of Sin
Obnoxious Man ſhall clear;
Thy Hand a mortal Frame prepares,
(Thy Hand whoſe Signature it bears)
And opes a willing Ear

5 "And since the Blood of Victims slain,
"And hallow'd Gifts, attempt in vain
"T' avert th' Offender's Doom:
"Myself th' Atonement will provide;
(Touch'd with our Woes, the SAVIOUR cry'd)
"I come, my GOD, I come.

6 "Thy Book, by sacred Bards unroll'd,
"My full Obedience has foretold
"To thy mysterious Will:
"His just Assent thy Servant gives,
"Thy Words my Breast with Joy receives,
"My Hands with Zeal fulfil."

7 Great HELPER and REDEEMER, hear!
O, instant in our Cause, appear
With Tokens of thy Grace!
Thy Bliss let All who seek Thee share,
And taught thy Love, that Love declare
In Songs of ceaseless Praise.

PSALM XLI.

1 BLEST, who with gen'rous Pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's Woes,
Bows to the Poor Man's Wants his Ear,
And wipes the helpless Orphan's Tear:
In ev'ry Want, in ev'ry Woe,
Himself thy Pity, LORD, shall know.

2 Thy Love, his Life shall guard; Thy Hand
Give to his Lot the chosen Land;
Nor leave him in the dreadful Day
To unrelenting Foes a Prey;
In Sickness Thou shalt raise his Head,
And turn with tend'rest Care his Bed.

3 O thankful bleſs th' Almighty LORD,
The GOD by *Jacob*'s Sons ador'd:
His Fame, ere Time its Courſe began,
O'er Heav'n's wide Region echoing ran;
To Him through endleſs Ages, raiſe
One Song of oft-repeated Praiſe.

PSALM XLII. Metre i.

1 AS pants the *Hart* for cooling Streams,
When heated in the Chace,
So longs my Soul, O GOD, for Thee,
And thy refreſhing Grace.

2 For Thee, my GOD, the living GOD,
My thirſty Soul doth pine;
O when ſhall I behold thy Face,
Thou Majeſty divine!

3 Tears are my conſtant Food, while thus
Inſulting Foes upbraid,
"Deluded Wretch, where's now thy GOD?
"And where's his promis'd Aid?"

4 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Soul?
Truſt GOD, and he'll employ
His Aid for thee: and change theſe Sighs
To thankful Hymns of Joy.

5 When thy bleſt Preſence, LORD OF LIFE,
Has once diſpell'd the Storm;
To Thee I'll midnight Anthems ſing,
And all my Vows perform.

6 GOD of my Strength, how long ſhall I
Like one forgotten mourn!
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
To my Oppreſſor's Scorn!

7 My Heart is pierc'd as with a Sword,
While thus my Foes upbraid,
"Vain Boaſter, where is now thy GOD?
"And where his promis'd Aid?"

8 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Soul?
Hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The Praiſe of Him who is thy GOD,
Thy Health's eternal SPRING.

PSALM XLII. Metre ii.

1 AS pants the *Hart* for cooling Springs,
So longs my Soul, O KING of Kings,
Thy Face in near Approach to ſee,
So thirſts, great Source of Life, for Thee.
When ſhall I reach thy bleſt Abode?
When meet the Preſence of my GOD?

2 Thy Mercies, LORD, before my Eyes,
Shall yet in ſweet Remembrance riſe;
Though Deeps to boiſt'rous Deeps aloud
Have call'd,—and from the burſting Cloud
Their licens'd Rage the Storms have ſhed,
And heap'd the Billows o'er my Head.

3 Yet 'midſt the Storm and 'midſt the Wave,
Thy Love the Beams of Comfort gave:
Thy Name to Rapture prompts my Tongue,
My Joy by Day, by Night my Song:
To Thee my Soul aſcends in Pray'r,
And in thy Boſom pours its Care.

4 Then why, my Soul, with Care oppreſs'd?
And whence the Woes that fill my Breaſt?

In all thy Cares, in all thy Woes,
On GOD thy ſtedfaſt Hope repoſe;
To Him my Thanks ſhall ſtill be paid,
My ſure DEFENCE, my conſtant AID.

PSALM XLIII.

1 JUST JUDGE of Heav'n, againſt my Foes
Do thou aſſert my injur'd Right:
O ſet me free, my GOD, from thoſe
That in Deceit and Wrong delight.

2 Let me with *Light* and *Truth* be bleſt,
Be thou my Guide, and lead the Way,
Till on thy holy Hill I reſt,
And in thy ſacred Temple pray.

3 Then will I there freſh Altars raiſe
To GOD, who is my only Joy;
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praiſe
Shall all my grateful Hours employ.

4 Why then caſt down, my Soul, and why
So much oppreſs'd with anxious Care?
On GOD, thy GOD, for Aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd State repair.

PSALM XLIV.

1 LORD, we have heard thy Works of old,
Thy Works of Pow'r and Grace,
When to our Ears our Fathers told
The Wonders of their Days.

2 How thou didſt build thy Churches here,
And make thy Goſpel known;
Among them did thine Arm appear,
Thy Light and Glory ſhone.

3 In GOD they boaſted all the Day,
And, in a cheerful Throng,
Did Thouſands meet to praiſe and pray,
And Grace was all their Song.

4 But now, chaſtiz'd by Thee, we ſtand
A Proverb to our Foes;
While fierce Deriſion claps the Hand,
And triumphs in our Woes.

5 Awake, ariſe, Almighty LORD!
Why ſleeps thy wonted Grace?
Why ſhould we look like Men abhorr'd,
Or baniſh'd from thy Face?

6 Redeem us from perpetual Shame,
Our SAVIOUR and our GOD;
We plead the Honours of thy Name,
The Merits of thy Blood.

PSALM XLV. Metre i.

1 MY Heart doth take in Hand
Some godly Song to ſing;
The Praiſe that I ſhall ſhew therein,
Pertaineth to the KING.

2 My Tongue ſhall be as quick
His Honour to indite,
As is the Pen of any Scribe
That uſeth faſt to write.

3 O faireſt of all Men!
Thy Lips with Grace are pure;
For GOD hath bleſſed Thee with Gifts
For ever to endure.

4 About Thee gird thy Sword,
O PRINCE of Might elect!
With Honour, Glory, and Renown,
Thou art moſt richly deckt.

5 Go forth with godly Speed,
With Meekneſs, Truth, and Right;
And thy right Hand ſhall Thee inſtruct,
In Works of dreadful Might.

6 Thy Arrows ſharp and keen
Their Hearts ſo ſore ſhall ſting,
That they ſhall crouch and kneel to Thee,
Yea, all thy Foes, O KING.

7 Thy Royal Seat, O LORD,
For ever ſhall remain;
Becauſe the Sceptre of thy Realm
Doth Righteouſneſs maintain.

8 Wherefore thy holy Name
All Ages ſhall record;
The People ſhall give Thanks to Thee
For evermore, O LORD.

PSALM XLV. Metre ii.

1 EXALTED by a bleſſed Thought,
My Soul is on the Wing;
I ſpeak, as by the SPIRIT taught,
The Praiſe of CHRIST my KING.

2 My Lips are eager, and delight
Glad Tidings to impart,
As is the Pen of them that write
With equal Eaſe and Art.

3 Thy Form is fairer than the Race
Of Men from *Adam* ſprung;
And GOD has giv'n eternal Grace
To thy perſuaſive Tongue.

4 Ride on, Thou PRINCE of wondrous Might,
Gird on thy dreadful Sword!
With Majeſty, and glorious Light,
And TRUTH's all-conqu'ring Word.

5 Thy Throne, O GOD, for ever ſtands;
Thy Word of Grace ſhall prove
A peaceful Sceptre in thy Hands,
To rule thy Saints by Love.

6 Juſtice and Truth attend Thee ſtill,
But Mercy is thy Choice;
And GOD, thy GOD, thy Soul ſhall fill
With moſt peculiar Joys.

PSALM XLV. Metre iii.

1 NOW be my Heart inſpir'd to ſing
The Glories of my SAVIOUR-KING,
JESUS the LORD; how heav'nly fair
His Form!—How bright his Beauties are!

2 O'er all the Sons of human Race
He ſhines with a ſuperior Grace;
Love from his Lips divinely flows,
And Bleſſings all his State compoſe.

3 Dreſs Thee in Arms, moſt mighty LORD,
Gird on the Terror of thy Sword!
In Majeſty and Glory ride,
With Truth and Meekneſs at thy Side!

4 Thine Anger, like a pointed Dart,
Shall pierce the Foes of ſtubborn Heart:
Or Words of Mercy kind and ſweet
Shall melt the Rebels at thy Feet.

5 Thy Throne, O GOD, for ever ſtands,
Grace is the Sceptre in thy Hands:
Thy Laws and Works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and Grace are thy Delight.

6 GOD, thine own GOD, has richly ſhed
His Oil of Gladneſs on thy Head,
And with his ſacred SPIRIT bleſt
His firſt-born SON above the reſt.

PART II.

7 THE KING of Saints, how fair his Face,
Adorn'd with Majeſty and Grace!
He comes with Bleſſings from above,
And wins the Nations to his Love.

8 At his right Hand our Eyes behold
The Queen array'd in pureſt Gold;
The World admires her heav'nly Dreſs,
Her Robe of Joy and Righteouſneſs.

9 He forms her Beauties like his own,
He calls and ſeats her near his Throne:
Fair Stranger let thine Heart forget
The Idols of thy Native State.

10 So ſhall the KING the more rejoice
In thee the Fav'rite of his Choice:
Let Him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For He's thy MAKER, and thy LORD.

11 O happy Hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair Palace in the Skies!
And all thy Sons (a num'rous Train)
Each like a Prince in Glory reign!

12 Let endleſs Honours crown his Head:
Let ev'ry Age his praiſes ſpread;
While we with cheerful Songs approve
The Condeſcenſions of his Love.

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is the Refuge of his Saints,
When Storms of ſharp Diſtreſs invade;
Ere we can offer our Complaints,
Behold him preſent with his Aid.

2 Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
Down to the Deep, and bury'd there:
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid World,
Our Faith ſhall never yield to Fear.

3 Loud may the troubled Ocean roar,
In ſacred Peace our Souls abide;
While ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Shore,
Trembles, and dreads the ſwelling Tide.

4 There is a Stream, whoſe gentle flow
Supplies the City of our GOD:
Life, Love, and Joy, ſtill gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine Abode.

5 That ſacred Stream, thine holy Word,
That all our raging Fear controuls:
Sweet Peace thy Promiſes afford,
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.

6 *Sion* enjoys her MONARCH's Love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning Hour:
Nor can her firm Foundations move,
Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

PART II.

7 LET *Sion* in her KING rejoice,
Though Tyrants rage, and Kingdoms riſe;
He utters his Almighty Voice,
The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

8 The LORD of old for *Jacob* fought;
And *Jacob*'s GOD is ſtill our Aid;
Behold the Works his Hand has wrought!
What Deſolation He has made!

9 From Sea to Sea through all the Shores
He makes the Noiſe of Battle ceaſe;
When from on high his Thunder roars,
He awes the trembling World to Peace.

10 He breaks the Bow, He cuts the Spear;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly Flame:
Keep Silence all the Earth; and hear
The Sound and Glory of his Name!

11 "Be ſtill; and learn that I am GOD!
"I'll be exalted o'er the Lands;
"I will be known and fear'd abroad;
"But ſtill my Throne in *Sion* ſtands."

12 O LORD of Hoſts, Almighty KING!
While we ſo near thy Preſence dwell,
Our Faith ſhall ſit ſecure, and ſing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

PSALM XLVII.

1 O FOR a Shout of sacred Joy
To GOD the Sov'reign KING!
Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph sing.

2 JESUS, our GOD, ascends on high:
His heav'nly Guards around
Attend him, rising through the Sky,
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.

3 While Angels shout and praise their KING,
Let Mortals learn their Strains;
Let all the Earth his Honours sing;
O'er all the Earth He reigns.

4 Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound,
Let Knowledge lead the Song,
Nor mock Him with a solemn Sound
Upon a thoughtless Tongue.

5 In *Israel* stood his ancient Throne,
He lov'd that chosen Race;
But now he calls the World his own,
And *Heathens* taste his Grace.

6 The *British* Islands are the LORD's,
There *Abr'ham*'s GOD is known,
While Pow'rs and Princes, Shields and Swords,
Submit before his Throne.

PSALM XLVIII. Metre i.

1 GREAT is the LORD our GOD,
And let his Praise be great;
He makes his Churches his Abode,
His most delightful Seat.

2 Theſe Temples of his Grace,
How beautiful they ſtand!
The Honours of our native Place,
And Bulwarks of our Land.

3 In *Sion* GOD is known
A Refuge in Diſtreſs;
How bright has his Salvation ſhone
Through all her Palaces!

4 When *Kings* againſt her join'd,
And ſaw the LORD was there:
In wild Confuſion of the Mind
They fled with trembling Fear.

5 When *Navies*, tall and proud,
Attempt to ſpoil our Peace:
He ſends his Tempeſt roaring loud,
And ſinks them in the Seas.

6 Oft have our Fathers told,
Our Eyes have often ſeen,
How well our GOD ſecur'd the Fold,
Where his own Sheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new Diſtreſs
We'll to his Houſe repair;
We'll think upon his wond'rous Grace,
And ſeek Deliv'rance there.

PART II.

8 FAR as thy Name is known
The World declares thy Praiſe;
Thy Saints, O LORD, before thy Throne,
Their Songs of Honour raiſe.

9 With Joy let *Judah* ſtand
On *Sion*'s choſen Hill;
Proclaim the Wonders of thy Hand,
And Counſels of thy Will.

10 Let Strangers walk around
The City where we dwell,
Compaſs and view thine holy Ground,
And mark the Building well:

11 The Orders of thy Houſe,
The Worſhip of thy Court;
The cheerful Songs, the ſolemn Vows;
And make a fair Report.

12 How decent and how wiſe!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the Pomp that charms the Eyes,
And Rites adorn'd with Gold.

13 The GOD we worſhip now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our GOD while here below,
And through Eternity.

PSALM XLVIII. Metre ii.

1 LORD! what our Ears long ſince have known,
Our Eyes delighted trace,
Thy Love in long Succeſſion ſhown
To *Salem*'s choſen Race.

2 Thrice bleſt Abode! whoſe ev'ry Tow'r
By Thee ſupported ſtands,
The GOD whoſe wide-extended Pow'r
Th' ethereal Hoſt commands.

3 When proſtrate at thy hallow'd Shrine,
Thy Mercies Each ſurveys,
Tranſported with the View, we join
In Wonder, Love, and Praiſe.

PART II.

4 Let *Sion*'s heav'n-devoted Mount
With Shouts of Triumph ring,
And *Judah*'s Daughters, pleas'd, recount
The Judgments of her KING.

5 Go, walk her ſacred Streets along,
And let her Tow'rs be told;
With curious Eye her Bulwarks ſtrong,
And beauteous Domes, behold.

6 So ſhall the fair Deſcription laſt,
Preſerv'd in full Record,
And tell what Glories once have grac'd
The Seat of *Jacob*'s LORD.

7 To him our thankful Hearts ſhall bow,
Nor own a GOD beſide;
To Life's laſt Period him avow,
The ever faithful Guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1 WHY do the Proud inſult the Poor,
And boaſt the large Eſtates they have?
How vain are Riches to ſecure
Their haughty Owners from the Grave!

2 There the dark Earth and diſmal Shade
Shall claſp their naked Bodies round;
That Fleſh ſo delicately fed
Lies cold, and moulders in the Ground.

3 Like thoughtleſs Sheep the Sinner dies,
Laid in the Grave for Worms to eat;
The Saints ſhall in the Morning riſe,
And find th' Oppreſſor at their Feet.

4 His Honours periſh in the Duſt,
His Pomp and Beauty, Birth and Blood:
That glorious Day exalts the Juſt
To full Dominion o'er the Proud.

5 My SAVIOUR ſhall my Life reſtore,
And raiſe me from my dark Abode:
My Fleſh and Soul ſhall part no more,
But dwell for ever with my GOD.

PSALM L.

1 JEHOVAH from his choſen Place
Shines forth, with matchleſs Beauty crown'd:
He comes; devouring Flames his Face,
His Steps impetuous Storms ſurround.

2 From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, from Shore to Shore,
The dreadful Summons ſwiftly rolls;
His Voice, in Thunder's awful Roar,
At once th' affrighted World controls.

3 "Go, call my Saints together;—thoſe
"Who in my Laws delight; and o'er
"Their Sacrifice my Cov'nant choſe,
"And there to Me devoutly ſwore.

4 "Hear me, my People! *Iſrael*, hear!
"With thee the Cauſe I'll calmly plead:
"Lo! I the LORD OF HOSTS appear!
"The Mighty GOD, thy ſov'reign Head!

5 " Did I e'er call for Sacrifice?
" Or of thy ſparing Hand complain?
" Or bid that conſtant Steams ſhould riſe
" From bleeding Bullocks, duly ſlain?

6 " Vain Trifles all!—Thy ſolemn Feaſts,
" Thy Bullocks and thy Goats I ſcorn:
" The Foreſt-Herds are mine;—the Beaſts
" Which on a thouſand Hills are born.

7 " The feather'd Hoſts, the Fowls are mine,
" And all the Droves which graze the Fields:
" If hungry, I'd not aſk of thine;
" To Me the World its Plenty yields.

8 " Think'ſt thou the Fleſh of Bulls I'd eat,
" Or Goat's? Or drink their ſteaming Gore?
" No:—give Me Praiſe; my Praiſe repeat;
" My Grace, with Vows perform'd, implore.

9 " Then in the Time of Danger cry
" To Me; to Me thy Griefs diſplay;
" And thou, when I to ſave thee fly,
" Juſt Honours to my Name ſhall pay."

PART II.

10 THE LORD the JUDGE his Churches warns,
Let Hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their Hopes in Rites and Forms,
But make not Faith or Love their Care.

11 Vile Wretches dare rehearſe his Name,
With Lips of Falſehood and Deceit;
A Friend or Brother they defame,
And ſooth and flatter thoſe they hate.

12 They watch to do their Neighbours Wrong,
Yet dare to seek their MAKER's Face;
They take his Cov'nant on their Tongue,
But break his Laws, abuse his Grace.

13 To Heav'n they lift their Hands unclean,
Defil'd with Lust, defil'd with Blood;
By Night they practice ev'ry Sin,
By Day their Mouths draw near to GOD.

14 And while his Judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think He sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful Hour.

15 O dreadful Hour! when GOD draws near,
And sets their Crimes before their Eyes!
His Wrath their guilty Souls shall tear,
And no Deliv'rer dare to rise.

PSALM LI.

1 SHEW Pity LORD; O LORD, forgive,
Let a repenting Rebel live:
Are not thy Mercies large and free?
May not a Sinner trust in THEE?

2 My Crimes are great, but not surpass
The Pow'r and Glory of thy Grace:
Great GOD, thy Nature hath no Bound,
So let thy pard'ning Love be found.

3 O wash my Soul from ev'ry Sin,
And make my guilty Conscience clean;
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,
And past Offences pain mine Eyes.

4 My Lips with Shame my Sins confeſs
Againſt thy Law, againſt thy Grace;
LORD, ſhould thy Judgment grow ſevere,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.

5 Should ſudden Vengeance ſeize my Breath,
I muſt pronounce Thee juſt in Death:
And if my Soul were ſent to Hell,
Thy righteous Law approves it well.

6 Yet ſave a trembling Sinner, LORD,
Whoſe Hope, ſtill hov'ring round thy Word,
Would light on ſome ſweet Promiſe there,
Some ſure Support againſt Deſpair.

PART II.

7 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin;
And born unholy and unclean:
Sprung from the Man whoſe guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us All.

8 [Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death:
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.]

9 Behold I fall before thy Face;
My only Refuge is thy Grace:
No outward Forms can make me clean;
The *Leproſy* lies deep within.

10 No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beaſt,
Nor Hyſſop-Branch, nor ſprinkling Prieſt,
Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,
Can waſh the diſmal Stain away.

11 JESUS, my GOD, thy Blood alone
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone:
Thy Blood can make me white as Snow;
No *Jewish* Types could cleanse me so.

12 While Guilt disturbs and breaks my Peace,
Nor Flesh nor Soul hath Rest or Ease;
LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make my broken Bones rejoice.

PART III.

13 O THOU that hear'st when Sinners cry,
Though all my Crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Mem'ry from thy Book.

14 Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averse to Sin:
Let thy good SPIRIT ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

15 I cannot live without thy Light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight:
Thy holy Joys, my GOD, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

16 Though I have griev'd thy SPIRIT, LORD,
His Help and Comfort still afford:
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,
To plead the Merits of thy SON.

17 Then will I teach the World thy Ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign Grace;
I'll lead them to my SAVIOUR's Blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning GOD.

18 O may thy Love inſpire my Tongue!
Salvation ſhall be all my Song;
And all my Pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The LORD my Strength and Righteouſneſs,

PSALM LII.

1 WHY, Tyrant, boaſts thy Heart the Pow'r
To work a Brother's Woe?
While GOD his Mercy bids each Hour
In Streams unmeaſur'd flow.

2 With Joy thy Tongue, to Falſehood prone,
Its Venom deals around;
Nor Razor, ſharpen'd on the Stone,
Inflicts ſo deep a Wound.

3 But ſoon the Juſt, with Awe poſſeſs'd,
Shall view thy blaſted Pride;
And, from their fierceſt Foe releas'd,
Thy impious Boaſts deride.

4 "Lo! there the Wretch in Treſpaſs bold,
"Who GOD's Support diſdain'd,
"And on his Heaps of treaſur'd Gold
"His frantic Hope ſuſtain'd."

5 Freſh as the verdant *Olive*, I
Within thy Court ſhall ſtand;
And fix'd, indulgent LORD, rely
On thy protecting Hand.

6 Thy Acts my Praiſe ſhall ever claim,
Thy Name, amidſt my Woes,
(How grateful to thy Saints that Name!)
My ev'ry Fear compoſe.

PSALM LIII.

1 FOOLS in their Hearts profanely say
"That all Religion's vain;
"There is no GOD that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' Affairs of Men."

2 From Thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt Discourse proceeds;
And in their impious Hands are found
Abominable Deeds.

3 The LORD from his celestial Throne
Look'd down on Things below,
To find the Man that sought his Grace,
Or did his Justice know.

4 By Nature all are gone astray;
Their Practice all the same:
There's none that fears his MAKER's Hand,
There's none that loves his Name.

5 Such Seeds of Sin (that bitter Root)
In ev'ry Heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner Fruit,
Till Grace refine the Ground.

PART II.

6 ARE all the Foes of *Sion* Fools,
Who thus devour her Saints?
Do they not know her SAVIOUR rules,
And pities her Complaints?

7 They shall be seiz'd with sad Surprise;
For GOD's avenging Arm
Scatters the Bones of them, that rise
To do his Children Harm.

8 In vain the Sons of *Satan* boaſt
Of Armies in Array;
When GOD has firſt deſpis'd their Hoſt,
They fall an eaſy Prey.

9 O for a Word from *Sion*'s KING,
Her Captives to reſtore!
Jacob with all his Tribes ſhall ſing,
And *Judah* mourn no more.

PSALM LIV.

1 THY Name my ſteadfaſt Heart avows;
Do THOU my injur'd Cauſe eſpouſe,
And be thy Strength my Aid:
My Plaints, Almighty SAVIOUR, hear,
And let them by thy pitying Ear
With full Regard be weigh'd.

2 Oppreſſors from thy Fear eſtrang'd,
With Tyrants fierce, againſt me rang'd,
My guiltleſs Soul purſue:
But 'midſt my Helpers Heav'n's high LORD
Shall ſtand, and faithful to his Word,
Each adverſe Power ſubdue.

3 O let my Heart (their Rage repell'd)
Itſelf a willing Off'ring yield;
To Thee its Praiſe ſhall flow,
While to my Thought thy Mercies riſe,
That gave me, with admiring Eyes,
To ſee my proſtrate Foe.

PSALM LV.

1 O GOD, my REFUGE, hear my Cries,
Behold my flowing Tears,
For Earth and Hell my Hurt deviſe,
And triumph in my Fears.

2 Their Rage is levell'd at my Life,
My Soul with Guilt they load,
And fill my Thoughts with inward Strife,
To ſhake my Hope in GOD.

3 With inward Pain my Heart-ſtrings ſound,
I groan with ev'ry Breath;
Horror and Fear beſet me round,
Among the Shades of Death.

4 O that I, like the gentle Dove,
Could ſtretch my light-plum'd Wings!
I'd fly, and make a long Remove
From all theſe reſtleſs Things.

5 Let me to ſome wild Deſert go,
And find a peaceful Home,
Where Storms of Malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

PART II.

6 BY Morning-Light I'll ſeek his Face,
At Noon repeat my Cry,
The Night ſhall hear me aſk his Grace,
Nor will He long deny.

7 GOD ſhall preſerve my Soul from Fear,
Or ſhield me when afraid;
Ten thouſand Angels muſt appear,
If He command their Aid.

8 I caſt my Burdens on the LORD,
The LORD ſuſtains them all;
My Courage reſts upon his Word,
That Saints ſhall never fall.

9 My higheſt Hopes ſhall not be vain,
My Lips ſhall ſpread his Praiſe;
While cruel and deceitful Men
Scarce live out half their Days.

PSALM LVI.

1 O THOU whoſe Juſtice reigns on high,
And makes th' Oppreſſor ceaſe,
Behold how envious Sinners try
To vex and break my Peace.

2 The Sons of Violence and Lies
Join to devour me, LORD;
But as my hourly Dangers riſe,
My Refuge is thy Word.

3 In GOD moſt Holy, Juſt, and True,
I have repos'd my Truſt;
Nor will I fear what Fleſh can do,
The Offspring of the Duſt.

4 They wreſt my Words to Miſchief ſtill,
Charge me with unknown Faults;
Miſchief doth all their Counſels fill,
And Malice all their Thoughts.

5 Shall they eſcape without thy Frown?
Muſt their Devices ſtand?
O caſt the haughty Sinner down,
And let him know thy Hand.

PART II.

6 GOD counts the Sorrows of his Saints,
Their Groans affect his Ears;—
THOU haſt a *Book* for my Complaints,
A *Bottle* for my Tears.

7 When to thy Throne I raise my Cry,
The Wicked fear and flee;
So swift is Pray'r to reach the Sky,
So near is GOD to me.

8 In Thee, most Holy, Just, and True,
I have repos'd my Trust;
Nor will I fear what Man can do,
The Offspring of the Dust.

9 Thy solemn Vows are on me, LORD,
Thou shalt receive my Praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy Word!
"How righteous all thy Ways!"

10 Thou hast secur'd my Soul from Death;
O set thy Pris'ner free:
That Heart and Hand, and Life and Breath,
May be employ'd for Thee.

PSALM LVII.

1 MY GOD, in whom are all the Springs
Of boundless Love and Grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy spreading Wings,
Till the dark Cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the Heav'ns I send my Cry,
The LORD will my Desires perform;
He sends his Angel from the Sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning Storm.

3 Be Thou exalted, O my GOD,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell!
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

4 My Heart is fix'd; my Song ſhall raiſe
Immortal Honours to thy Name;
Awake, my Tongue, to ſound his Praiſe!
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame!

5 High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt Sky;
His Truth to endleſs Years remains,
When lower Worlds diſſolve and die.

6 Be Thou exalted, O my GOD,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell!
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII.

1 JUDGES, who rule the World by Laws,
Will ye deſpiſe the righteous Cauſe,
When th' injur'd Poor before you ſtands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous Poor,
And let rich Sinners 'ſcape ſecure,
While Gold and Greatneſs bribe your Hands?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That GOD will judge the Judges too?
High in the Heav'ns his Juſtice reigns;
Yet you invade the Rights of GOD,
And ſend your bold Decrees abroad,
To bind the Conſcience in your Chains.

3 Th' Almighty thunders from the Sky!
Their Grandeur melts, their Titles die,
As Hills of Snow diſſolve and run;

Or Snails that perish in their Slime,
Or Births that come before their Time,
Vain Births that never see the Sun.

4 Thus shall the Vengeance of the LORD
Safety and Joy to Saints afford;
And All that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a GOD that rules on high,
"A GOD that hears his Children cry,
"And will their Suff'rings well repay."

PSALM LIX.

1 SAVE me, O LORD, my gracious GOD,
From my determin'd Foes;
In my Defence oppose thy Pow'r
To theirs who me oppose.

2 On Thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength
For Succour I depend:
'Tis Thou, O GOD, art my Defence,
Who only canst defend.

3 Thy Mercy, LORD, which has so oft
From Danger set me free,
Shall crown my Wishes, and subdue
My haughty Foes to me.

4 Early will I thy Mercy sing,
Thy wondrous Power confess;
For Thou hast been my sure DEFENCE,
My REFUGE in Distress.

5 To Thee with never-ceasing Praise,
O GOD, my Strength, I'll sing:
Thou art my GOD, the Rock from whence
My Health and Safety spring.

PSALM LX.

1 REPULS'D, diſpers'd, chaſtis'd by Thee
O grant us, LORD, thy Face to ſee;
And let the People, once thy Care,
Again thy fav'ring Preſence ſhare.

2 How trembles this divided Land
Beneath the Terrors of thy Hand!
O THOU, the GOD whom we adore,
Its Breaches heal, its Peace reſtore.

3 Thy juſt Decrees to *Iſrael*'s Eyes
Have bid a Scene of Sorrow riſe;
And to his pallid Lips the Wine
Of dire Aſtoniſhment conſign.

4 Yet ſee, thine Hands a Standard rear;
Beneath it Each, who owns thy Fear,
(Engag'd in TRUTH's neglected Cauſe)
His Sword, ſecure of Conqueſt, draws.

5 Such, Objects of thy tend'reſt Love,
Defend, propitious, from above;
Let Me with them thy Mercy ſhare,
And hear, O hear my ceaſeleſs Pray'r!

PSALM LXI. Metre i.

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with Grief,
My Heart within me dies;
Helpleſs and far from all Relief,
To Heav'n I lift mine Eyes.

2 O lead me to the ROCK
That's high above my Head;
And make the Covert of thy Wings
My Shelter and my Shade.

3 Within thy Preſence, LORD,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tow'R of my Defence,
The REFUGE where I hide.

4 Thou giveſt me the Lot
Of thoſe that fear thy Name;
If endleſs Life be their Reward,
I ſhall poſſeſs the ſame.

PSALM LXI. Metre ii.

1 OPPRESS'D with Grief, in Exile loſt,
To THEE, from *Iſrael*'s utmoſt Coaſt,
My Voice, eternal GOD, I ſend;
O hear my Plaint; my Pray'r attend.

2 High on the ROCK my Fortreſs rear,
There let me ſtand unmov'd, and hear
The Storms (that now around me beat)
At Diſtance roll beneath my Feet.

3 Thee, LORD, I ſeek, whene'er my Foes
With dire Intent my Path incloſe;
And own Thee, in the dang'rous Hour,
My ſtedfaſt HOPE, my ſtrongeſt Tow'R.

4 Remote from Fear, within thy Shrine,
Thou LORD, my Dwelling ſhalt aſſign;
Thy Wings ſhall wrap me in their Shade;
Thou, Thou haſt heard me when I pray'd.

5 Thus ſhall thy Love awake my Song,
Thy Name the willing Note prolong,
While warm'd with Zeal, my Vows I pay,
And bleſs Thee to my lateſt Day.

PSALM LXII.

1 MY Spirit looks to GOD alone;
My Rock and Refuge is his Throne:
In all my Fears, in all my Straits,
My Soul for his Salvation waits.

2 Truſt Him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
Pour out your Hearts before his Face:
When Helpers fail, and Foes invade,
GOD is our all-ſufficient Aid.

3 Falſe are the Men of high Degree,
The baſer Sort are Vanity;
Laid in the Balance, both appear
Light as a Bubble in the Air.

4 Make not increaſing Gold your Truſt,
Nor ſet your Hearts on glitt'ring Duſt;
Why will you graſp the fleeting Smoke,
And not believe what GOD hath ſpoke?

5 Once hath his awful Voice declar'd,
Once and again my Ears have heard;
"All Pow'r is his eternal Due;
"He muſt be fear'd and truſted too."

6 For ſov'reign Pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a Partner of the Throne;
Thy Grace and Juſtice, mighty LORD,
Shall well divide our laſt Reward.

PSALM LXIII. Metre i.

1 MY GOD, permit my Tongue
This Joy, to call Thee mine;
And let my early Cries prevail
To taſte thy Love divine.

2 My thirſty, fainting Soul
Thy Mercy doth implore;
Not Travellers, in Deſert-Lands,
Can pant for Water more.

3 Within thy Churches, LORD,
I long to find a Place;
Thy Pow'r and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning Grace.

4 For Life, without thy Love,
No Reliſh can afford;
No Joy can be compar'd with this,
To ſerve and pleaſe the LORD.

5 To thee I'll lift my Hands,
And praiſe Thee while I live;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feaſt
Such Food or Pleaſure give.

6 In wakeful Hours of Night,
I call my GOD to mind;
I think how wiſe thy Counſels are,
And all thy Dealings kind.

7 Since Thou haſt been my Help,
To Thee my Spirit flies,
And on thy watchful Providence
My cheerful Hope relies.

8 The Shadow of thy Wings
My Soul in Safety keeps:
I follow where my FATHER leads,
And he ſupports my Steps.

PSALM LXIII. Metre ii.

1 EARLY, my GOD, without Delay,
I haſte to ſeek thy Face:
My thirſty Spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering Grace.

2 So Pilgrims on the ſcorching Sand,
Beneath a burning Sky,
Long for a cooling Stream at hand,
And they muſt drink or die.

3 I've ſeen thy Glory, and thy Pow'r,
Through all thy Temples ſhine;
My GOD, repeat that heav'nly Hour,
That Viſion ſo divine!

4 Not all the Bleſſings of a Feaſt
Can pleaſe my Soul ſo well,
As when thy richer Grace I taſte,
And in thy Preſence dwell.

5 Not Life itſelf, with all her Joys,
Can my beſt Paſſions move,
Or raiſe ſo high my cheerful Voice,
As thy forgiving Love.

6 Thus, till my laſt expiring Day,
I'll bleſs my GOD and KING;
Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
And tune my Lips to ſing.

PART II.

7 'Twas in the Watches of the Night,
I thought upon thy Pow'r:
I kept thy Faithfulneſs in Sight
Amidſt the darkeſt Hour.

8 My Flesh lay resting on my Bed,
My Soul arose on high;
"My GOD, my Life, my Hope," I said,
"Bring thy Salvation nigh."

9 My Spirit labours up thine Hill,
And climbs the heav'nly Road;
But thy Right-Hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my GOD.

10 Thy Mercy stretches o'er my Head
The Shadow of thy Wings;
My Heart rejoices in thine Aid,
My Tongue awakes and sings.

PSALM LXIII. Metre iii.

1 GREAT GOD, indulge my humble Claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;
The Glories that compose thy Name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,
Thou art my FATHER and my GOD;
And I am Thine by sacred Ties:
Thy Son, thy Servant, bought with Blood.

3 With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands,
For THEE I long, to THEE I look;
As Travellers, in thirsty Lands,
Pant for the cooling Water-Brook.

4 With early Feet I love t' appear
Among thy Saints, and seek thy Face;
Oft have I seen thy Glory there,
And felt the Pow'r of sov'reign Grace.

5 Nor Fruits nor Wines that tempt our Taſte,
Nor all the Joys our Senſes know,
Could make me ſo divinely bleſt,
Or raiſe my cheerful Paſſions ſo.

6 My Life itſelf, without thy Love,
No Taſte of Pleaſure could afford;
'Twould but a tireſome Burden prove,
If I were baniſh'd from the LORD.

7 Amidſt the wakeful Hours of Night,
When buſy Cares afflict my Head,
One Thought of Thee gives new Delight,
And adds Refreſhment to my Bed.

8 I'll lift my Hands, I'll raiſe my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praiſe:
This Work ſhall make my Heart rejoice,
And ſpend the Remnant of my Days.

PSALM LXIII. Metre iv.

1 THOU art my GOD, to Thee my Eyes
I lift ere yet the Dawn ariſe;
With ſacred Thirſt, O LORD, I burn;
My Heart, my Fleſh, thine Abſence mourn,
As o'er th' inhoſpitable Way
Amidſt a barren Waſte I ſtray.

2 Yet here, by heav'nly Wiſdom led,
Expectant wait, till o'er my Head
Thy Beams in mild Effulgence play,
And turn my Darkneſs into Day:
Thoſe Beams which oft my Eyes beheld
Within thy Temple, LORD, reveal'd.

3 Thy Love my Lips ſhall ever tell,
(Can Life itſelf that Love excel?)
Nor ceaſe, while Breath prolongs my Days,
In thankful Notes the Hymn to raiſe:
To Thee thy Servant, LORD, as now,
His Hands ſhall rear, his Knees ſhall bow.

4 Safe in the Shadow of thy Wings,
In Thee I joy, O KING of Kings!
When Dangers threaten to devour,
(Superior to each adverſe Pow'r)
Thine Arm extends the Help divine,
And long Experience calls it Mine.

PSALM LXIV.

1 THY Suppliant's Voice propitious hear;
My Life, bleſt LORD, from hoſtile Fear
Secure,—while Men my Soul purſue,
And hide, O hide me from their View.

2 Behold the ſlaughter-breathing Throng
Whet, as a Sword, their baleful Tongue,
And Words, as Arrows keen, prepare,
That wing'd with Death, fly through the Air.

3 Ah! Wretches, whither will ye fly?
Behold the Arrow from on high
Deſcend,—that bears upon its Wing
The Wrath of Heav'n's offended KING!

4 Each Heart ſhall own with rev'rent Thought,
That THOU the Work, great GOD, haſt wrought,
While, reſcu'd from their Rage, the Juſt,
Exulting, fix on Thee their Truſt.

PSALM LXV.

1 THE Praise of *Sion* waits for Thee,
My GOD; and Praise becomes thy House:
There shall thy Saints thy Glory see,
And there perform their public Vows.

2 O THOU, whose Mercy bends the Skies
To save, when humble Sinners pray;
All Lands to Thee shall lift their Eyes,
And Islands of the *Northern* Sea.

3 Against my Will my Sins prevail,
But Grace shall purge away their Stain;
The Blood of CHRIST will never fail
To wash my Garments white again.

4 Blest is the Man whom Thou shalt choose,
And give him kind Access to Thee;
Grant him a Place within thy House,
To taste thy Love divinely free.

PART II.

5 O THOU, the Hope of human Race,
Of All whom Earth's wide Arms embrace,
Of All, who, tost by Tempests, sweep
The Surface of the pathless Deep.

6 In Thee they trust, who know'st to rein
The Insults of the foaming Main,
Check the brute Waves that roar aloud,
And still the Madness of the Crowd.

7 Remotest Realms, with dire Dismay,
Thy Wonders, mightiest LORD, survey;
And, as they walk th' ethereal Round,
The *Morn* and *Eve* thy Praise resound.

8 By unexhauſted Springs ſupply'd,
Thy River pours its copious Tide,
And bids the ſtrength-infuſing Grain
Earth's countleſs Family ſuſtain.

9 The Clouds, in frequent Show'rs diſtill'd,
Drop Fatneſs on the pregnant Field;
Break the tough Glebe, the Furrows cheer,
And crown with Good the gliding Year.

10 The Hills around exulting ſtand,
And own the Bounty of thy Hand:
Nurs'd by thy Care, the fleecy Train
Inveſts with white the rural Plain.

11 While, as beneath the fav'ring Skies,
In crowded Ranks the Harveſts riſe,
The laughing Vale aſſumes a Tongue,
And burſts triumphant into Song.

PSALM LXVI.

1 SING, all ye Nations, to the LORD,
Sing with a joyful Noiſe;
With Melody of Sound record
His Honours and your Joys.

2 Say to the Pow'R that ſhakes the Sky,
"How terrible art THOU!
"Sinners before thy Preſence fly,
"Or at thy Feet they bow."

3 He rules by his reſiſtleſs Might;
Will rebel Mortals dare
Provoke th' ETERNAL to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful War?

4 O bleſs our GOD, and never ceaſe;
Ye Saints, fulfil his Praiſe;
He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
And guides our doubtful Ways.

5 LORD, Thou haſt prov'd our ſuff'ring Souls,
To make our Graces ſhine;
So *Silver* bears the burning Coals,
The Metal to refine.

6 Through wat'ry Deeps and fiery Ways
We march at thy Command,
Led to poſſeſs the promis'd Place
By thine unerring Hand.

PART II.

7 NOW ſhall my ſolemn Vows be paid
To that Almighty POW'R,
Who heard the long Requeſts I made,
In my diſtreſsful Hour.

8 My Lips and cheerful Heart prepare,
To make his Mercies known;
Come ye that fear my GOD, and hear
The Wonders He hath done.

9 When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,
I ſought his heav'nly Aid;
He ſav'd my ſinking Soul from Hell,
And Death's eternal Shade.

10 If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart
While Pray'r employ'd my Tongue,
The LORD had ſhewn me no Regard,
Nor I his Praiſes ſung.

11 But GOD (his Name be ever bleſt)
Hath ſet my Spirit free,
Nor turn'd from Him my poor Requeſt,
Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

PSALM LXVII. Metre i.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
In Mercy, LORD, incline;
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face
On all thy Saints to ſhine.

2 That ſo thy wond'rous Ways
May through the World be known;
While diſtant Lands their Tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.

3 Let diff'rent Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O LORD, combine
To praiſe thy glorious Name.

4 O let them ſhout and ſing,
Diſſolv'd in holy Mirth;
For Thou, the Righteous JUDGE and KING,
Shalt govern all the Earth.

5 Let diff'ring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O LORD, combine
To praiſe thy glorious Name.

6 Then ſhall the teeming Ground
A large Increaſe diſcloſe;
And we with Plenty ſhall be crown'd,
Which GOD, our GOD, beſtows.

7 Then GOD upon our Land
Shall conſtant Bleſſings ſhow'r;
And all the World in Awe ſhall ſtand
Of his reſiſtleſs Pow'r.

PSALM LXVII. Metre ii.

1 SHINE, mighty GOD, on *Britain* ſhine
With Beams of heav'nly Grace:
Reveal thy Pow'r through all our Coaſts,
And ſhew thy ſmiling Face.

2 When ſhall thy Name from Shore to Shore,
Sound all the Earth abroad;
And diſtant Nations know and love
Their SAVIOUR and their GOD?

3 Sing to the LORD, ye diſtant Lands,
Sing loud with ſolemn Voice;
While all our Tongues exalt his Praiſe,
And all our Hearts rejoice.

4 He, the great LORD, the ſov'reign JUDGE,
Who ſits enthron'd above,
Wiſely commands the Worlds He made,
In Juſtice and in Love.

5 Earth ſhall obey her MAKER's Will,
And yield a full Increaſe;
Our GOD will crown his choſen Iſle
With Fruitfulneſs and Peace.

6 GOD the REDEEMER ſcatters round
His choiceſt Favours here:
While the Creation's utmoſt Bound
Shall ſee, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII.

1 LET GOD arise in all his Might,
And put the Troops of Hell to Flight,
As Smoke that sought to cloud the Skies
Before the rising Tempest flies.

2 He comes array'd in burning Flames;
Justice and Vengeance are his Names:
Behold his fainting Foes expire,
Like melting Wax before the Fire.

3 He rides, and thunders through the Sky;
His Name JEHOVAH sounds on high:
Sing to his Name, ye Sons of Grace;
Ye Saints rejoice before his Face.

4 The Widow and the Fatherless
Fly to his Aid in sharp Distress:
In Him the Poor and Helpless find
A JUDGE that's just, a FATHER kind

5 He breaks the Captive's heavy Chain,
And Pris'ners see the Light again;
But Rebels that dispute his Will,
Shall dwell in Chains of Darkness still.

PART II.

6 KINGDOMS and Thrones to GOD belong;
Crown Him, ye Nations, in your Song:
His wond'rous Names and Pow'rs rehearse;
His Honours shall enrich your Verse.

7 He shakes the Heav'ns with loud Alarms;
How terrible is GOD in Arms!
In *Israel* are his Mercies known,
Sion is his peculiar Throne.

8 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him bleſt,
He's your DEFENCE, your JOY, your REST;
When Terrors riſe and Nations faint,
GOD is the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

PART III.

9 LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand Angels fill'd the Sky:
Thoſe heav'nly Guards around Thee wait,
Like Chariots that attend thy State.

10 Not *Sinai*'s Mountain could appear
More glorious, when the LORD was there;
While He pronounc'd his dreadful LAW,
And ſtruck the choſen Tribes with Awe.

11 How bright the Triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious Pow'rs of Hell,
That thouſand Souls had Captive made,
Were all in Chains like Captives led.

12 Rais'd by his FATHER to the Throne,
He ſent the promis'd Spirit down,
With Gifts and Grace for Rebel Men,
That GOD might dwell on Earth again.

PART IV.

13 WE bleſs the LORD, the Juſt, the Good,
Who fills our Hearts with Joy and Food;
Who pours his Bleſſings from the Skies,
And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

14 He ſends his Sun his Circuit round,
To cheer the Fruits, to warm the Ground;
He bids the Clouds with plenteous Rain
Refreſh the thirſty Earth again.

15 'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
And all our near Eſcapes from Death:
Safety and Health to GOD belong;
He heals the Weak and guards the Strong.

16 He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
The common Bleſſings of his Love;
But the wide Diff'rence that remains
Is endleſs *Joy*, or endleſs *Pains*.

17 The LORD that bruis'd the Serpent's Head,
On all the Serpent's Seed ſhall tread;
The ſtubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And ſmite him with a laſting Wound.

18 But his Right-Hand his Saints ſhall raiſe
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas;
And bring them to his Courts above,
There ſhall they taſte his ſpecial Love.

PSALM LXIX.

1 "SAVE me, O GOD, the ſwelling Floods
"Break in upon my Soul:
"I ſink; and Sorrows o'er my Head
"Like mighty Waters roll."

2 Thus in the great MESSIAH's Name
The royal *Prophet* mourns;
Thus he awakes our Hearts to Grief,
And gives us Joy by Turns.

3 "Now ſhall the Saints rejoice, and find
"Salvation in my Name,
"For I have borne their heavy Load
"Of Sorrow, Pain, and Shame.

4 " Grief like a Garment cloth'd me round,
" And Sackcloth was my Dreſs,
" While I procur'd for naked Souls
" A Robe of Righteouſneſs.

5 " Amongſt my Brethren and the *Jews*
" I like a Stranger ſtood;
" And bore their vile Reproach, to bring
" The *Gentiles* near to GOD.

6 " I came in ſinful Mortals' Stead
" To do my Father's Will:
" Yet when I cleans'd my Father's Houſe,
" They ſcandaliz'd my Zeal.

7 " My Faſting and my holy Groans
" Were made the Drunkard's Song;
" But GOD, from his celeſtial Throne,
" Heard my complaining Tongue.

8 " 'Twas in a moſt accepted Hour
" My Pray'r aroſe on high,
" And for my Sake my GOD ſhall hear
" The dying Sinner's Cry."

PART II.

9 NOW let our Lips, with holy Fear
And mournful Pleaſure, ſing
The Suff'rings of our great HIGH-PRIEST,
The Sorrows of our KING.

10 He ſinks in Floods of deep Diſtreſs;
How high the Waters riſe!
While to his heav'nly Father's Ear
He ſends perpetual Cries.

11 " Hear me, O LORD, and ſave thy Son,
" Nor hide thy ſhining Face;
" Why ſhould thy Fav'rite look like one
" Forſaken of thy Grace?

12 " With Rage they perſecute the Man
" That groans beneath thy Wound,
" While, for a Sacrifice, I pour
" My Life upon the Ground.

13 " All my Reproach is known to Thee,
" The Scandal and the Shame;
" Reproach hath broke my bleeding Heart,
" And Lies defil'd my Name.

14 " With Vinegar they mock my Thirſt;
" They give me Gall for Food;
" And ſporting with my dying Groans,
" They triumph in my Blood.

15 " Shine into my diſtreſſed Soul,
" Let thy Compaſſions ſave;
" And though my Fleſh ſink down to Death,
" Redeem it from the Grave.

16 " I ſhall ariſe to praiſe thy Name,
" Shall reign in Worlds unknown,
" And thy Salvation, O my GOD,
" Shall ſeat me on thy Throne."

PART III.

17 FATHER, I ſing thy wond'rous Grace,
I bleſs my SAVIOUR's Name;
He bought Salvation for the Poor,
And bore the Sinners' Shame.

18 His deep Diſtreſs hath rais'd us high,
His Duty and his Zeal
Fulfill'd the Law which Mortals broke,
And finiſh'd all thy Will.

19 His dying Groans, his living Songs,
Shall better pleaſe my GOD,
Than Harp or Trumpet's ſolemn Sound,
Than Goat's or Bullocks Blood.

20 This ſhall his humble follow'rs ſee,
And ſet their Hearts at reſt;
They by his Death draw near to Thee,
And live for ever bleſt.

21 Let Heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To GOD their Voices raiſe,
While Lands and Seas aſſiſt the Sky,
And join t' advance thy Praiſe.

22 *Zion* is thine, moſt holy GOD;
Thy SON ſhall bleſs her Gates;
And Glory purchas'd by his Blood,
For thy own *Iſrael* waits.

PSALM LXX.

1 HASTE to my Aid, my SAVIOUR, haſte;
My Soul by hoſtile Numbers chas'd,
To Thee directs its Pray'r:
In wild Confuſion backward borne,
Their Wiſh defeated let them mourn,
And loſt in empty Air.

2 Be Shame their juſt Reward aſſign'd,
While round me with relentleſs Mind,
Deriſion's Shouts they raiſe:

Thy Bliſs let All who ſeek Thee ſhare,
And taught thy Love, that Love declare
In Songs of ceaſeleſs Praiſe.

3 While theſe in thy Salvation joy,
Increaſing Griefs my Thought employ,
And ſpeedieſt Aid demand;
My HELPER and REDEEMER, hear!
O, inſtant in my Cauſe appear,
And reach thy ſaving Hand.

PSALM LXXI. Metre i.

1 MY GOD, my everlaſting Hope,
I live upon thy Truth;
Thy Hands have held my Childhood up,
And ſtrengthen'd all my Youth.

2 My Fleſh was faſhion'd by thy Pow'r,
With all theſe Limbs of mine;
And from my Mother's painful Hour,
I've been intirely thine.

3 Still has my Life new Wonders ſeen
Repeated ev'ry Year;
Behold my Days which yet remain,
I truſt them to thy Care.

4 Caſt me not off when Strength declines,
When hoary Hairs ariſe!
And round me let thy Glory ſhine,
Whene'er thy Servant dies.

5 Then, in the Hiſt'ry of my Age,
When Men review my Days,
They'll read thy Love in ev'ry Page,
In ev'ry Line thy Praiſe.

PART II.

6 MY SAVIOUR, my Almighty FRIEND,
When I begin thy Praiſe,
Where will the growing Numbers end,
The Numbers of thy Grace?

7 THOU art my everlaſting Truſt;
Thy Goodneſs I adore;
And ſince I knew thy Graces firſt,
I ſpeak thy Glories more.

8 My Feet ſhall travel all the Length
Of the celeſtial Road,
And march with Courage, in thy Strength,
To ſee my Father GOD.

9 When I am fill'd with ſore Diſtreſs
For ſome ſurpriſing Sin,
I'll plead thy perfect Righteouſneſs,
And mention none but Thine.

10 How will my Lips rejoice to tell
The Vict'ries of my KING!
My Soul, redeem'd from Sin and Hell,
Shall thy Salvation ſing.

11 My Tongue ſhall all the Day proclaim
My SAVIOUR and my GOD;
His Death has brought my Foes to Shame,
And drown'd them in his Blood.

12 Awake, awake, my tuneful Pow'rs!
With this delightful Song
I'll entertain the darkeſt Hours,
Nor think the Seaſon long.

PART III.

13 GOD of my Childhood and my Youth,
The Guide of all my Days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly Truth,
And told thy wond'rous Ways.

14 Wilt thou forſake my hoary Hairs,
And leave my fainting Heart?
Who ſhall ſuſtain my ſinking Years,
If GOD, my Strength, depart?

15 Let me thy Pow'r and Truth proclaim
To the ſurviving Age;
And leave a Savour of thy Name,
When I ſhall quit the Stage.

16 The Land of Silence and of Death
Attends my next Remove;
O may theſe poor Remains of Breath
Teach the wide World thy Love!

PART IV.

17 THY Righteouſneſs is deep and high,
Unſearchable thy Deeds;
Thy Glory ſpreads beyond the Sky,
And all my Praiſe exceeds.

18 Oft have I heard thy Threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the Grief;
But when thy Hand has preſs'd me ſore,
Thy Grace was my Relief.

19 By long Experience have I known
Thy ſov'reign Pow'r to ſave;
At thy Command I venture down
Securely to the Grave.

20 When I lie buried deep in Duſt,
My Fleſh ſhall be thy Care;
Theſe with'ring Limbs with Thee I truſt,
To raiſe them ſtrong and fair.

PSALM LXXI. Metre ii.

1 THY Servant, GOD of Gods, ſupreme,
O hear, and haſten to redeem:
Be THOU my Rock, and ſafe Reſort;
My ROCK Thou art, my ſtrongeſt Fort.

2 On Thee my Hopes ſupported ſtand;
My Life from earlieſt Youth thy Hand
(That Life which firſt from Thee began)
Preſerv'd, and led me up to Man.

3 When lodg'd within the Womb I lay,
Thy Care produc'd me to the Day;
And, while that Care my Years prolongs,
Thy Name ſhall animate my Songs.

4 Though Crowds, with ſilent Gaze, in me
A Spectacle of Wonder ſee;
Amidſt my Grief, amidſt my Pain,
Thy Love ſhall ſtill my Faith ſuſtain.

PART II.

5 O LET me not, Almighty FRIEND,
When with a weight of Age I bend,
And weary'd Nature's Succours fail,
The abſence of thine Aid bewail.

6 Strong in thy Might I take my Way,
Thy Righteouſneſs my only Stay,
And through the Day, my GOD, my KING,
Thy Juſtice, thy Salvation, ſing.

7 How haſt Thou bid my Soul to know
A long Viciſſitude of Woe;
Yet, back return'd, with quick'ning Ray
Haſt chas'd each Cloud of Grief away!

8 My willing Lips with Praiſe ſhall flow;
My reſcu'd Soul with Tranſport glow;
And pleas'd from Morn to Eve record
Thy Righteouſneſs, indulgent LORD.

PSALM LXXII. Metre i.

1 BLEST PRINCE of Righteouſneſs and Peace,
The Hope of all Mankind!
The Poor, in thy unblemiſh'd Reign,
Shall free Protection find.
Secure of juſt Redreſs, to Thee
Th' Oppreſs'd his Cauſe ſhall bring;
While with the Fruits of ſacred Peace
The joyful Fields ſhall ſpring.

2 Through endleſs Years thy glorious Name
The Righteous ſhall adore,
When Sun and Moon have run their Courſe,
And meaſure Time no more.
Thou ſhalt deſcend like ſofteſt Drops
Of kind celeſtial Dews;
Or as a Show'r, whoſe gentle Fall
The joyful Spring renews.

3 Thy Glory no Eclipſe ſhall ſee,
But ſhine divinely bright;
While from his Orb the radiant Sun
Darts undiminiſh'd Light.

Converted Nations, bleſt in Thee,
Shall magnify thy Grace;
Call thee their glorious RANSOMER,
And HOPE of all their Race.

4 With Love and ſacred Rapture fir'd,
Thy lofty Name we'll ſing:
THOU only wond'rous Things haſt done,
Thou everlaſting KING!
From all the Corners of the Earth
Let grateful Praiſe aſcend:
Let loud *Amens*, and joyful Shouts,
The ſtarry Concave rend.

PSALM LXXII. Metre ii.

1 GREAT GOD, whoſe univerſal Sway
The known and unknown Worlds obey,
Now give the Kingdom to thy SON;
Extend his Pow'r, exalt his Throne.

2 Thy Sceptre well becomes his Hands:
All Heav'n ſubmits to his Commands:
His Juſtice ſhall avenge the Poor;
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.

3 With Pow'r He vindicates the Juſt,
And treads th' Oppreſſor in the Duſt;
His Worſhip and his Fear ſhall laſt
Till Hours, and Years, and Time be paſt.

4 As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his Influence down:
His Grace on fainting Souls diſtils,
Like heav'nly Dew on thirſty Hills.

5 The *Heathen* Lands, that lie beneath
The Shades of over-ſpreading Death,
Revive at his firſt dawning Light,
And Deſerts bloſſom at the Sight.

6 The Saints ſhall flouriſh in his Days,
Dreſt in the Robes of Joy and Praiſe:
Peace, like a River, from his Throne,
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

PART II.

7 JESUS ſhall reign where'er the Sun
Does his ſucceſſive Journies run:
His Kingdom ſtretch from Shore to Shore,
Till Moons ſhall wax and wane no more.

8 To HIM ſhall endleſs Pray'r be made,
And Princes throng to crown his Head;
His Name, like ſweet Perfume, ſhall riſe
With ev'ry Morning-Sacrifice.

9 People and Realms of ev'ry Tongue
Dwell on his Love with ſweeteſt Song;
And Infant-Voices ſhall proclaim
Their early Bleſſings on his Name.

10 Bleſſings abound where'er He reigns;
The Pris'ner leaps to looſe his Chains;
The Weary find eternal Reſt,
And all the Sons of Want are bleſt.

11 Where he diſplays his healing Pow'r
Death and the Curſe are known no more;
In Him the Tribes of *Adam* boaſt
More Bleſſings than their Father loſt.

12 Let ev'ry Creature rise, and bring
Peculiar Honours to our KING;
Angels descend with Songs again,
And Earth repeat the loud *Amen*.

PSALM LXXIII. Metre i.

1 NOW I'm convinc'd the LORD is kind
To Men of Heart sincere:
Though once my foolish Thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.

2 I grieve to see the Wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry Breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their Death!"

3 Yet while my Tongue indulg'd Complaints,
I felt my Heart reprove;
"Sure I shall thus offend thy Saints,
"And grieve the Men I love."

4 But still I found my Doubts too hard,
The Conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy Word,
And learn thy Secrets there.

5 There, as in some prophetic Glass,
I saw the Sinner's Feet
High mounted on a slipp'ry Place,
Beside a fiery Pit.

6 I heard the Wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy Frown he fell;
His Honours in a Dream were lost,
And he awakes in Hell.

7 LORD, what an envious Fool I was!
How like a thoughtleſs Beaſt!
Thus to ſuſpect thy promis'd Grace,
And think the Wicked bleſt.

8 Yet was I kept from full Deſpair,
Upheld by Pow'r unknown:
That bleſſed Hand that broke the Snare,
Shall guide me to thy Throne.

PART II.

9 GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine Arm of Mercy held me up,
When ſinking in Deſpair.

10 Thy Counſels, LORD, ſhall guide my Feet
Through this dark Wilderneſs;
Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat,
To dwell before thy Face.

11 Were I in Heaven without my GOD,
'Twould be no Joy to me;
And while this Earth is my Abode,
I long for none but Thee.

12 What if the Springs of Life were broke,
And Fleſh and Heart ſhould faint!
GOD is my Soul's eternal ROCK,
The Strength of ev'ry Saint.

13 Behold, the Sinners that remove
Far from thy Preſence die;
Not all the Idol-Gods they love
Can ſave them when they cry.

14 But to draw near to THEE, my GOD,
Shall be my ſweet Employ;
My Tongue ſhall ſound thy Works abroad
And tell the World my Joy.

PSALM LXXIII. Metre ii.

1 LORD, what a thoughtleſs Wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur, and repine
To ſee the Wicked plac'd on high,
In Pride and Robes of Honour ſhine!

2 But, O their End! their dreadful End!
Thy Sanctuary taught me ſo:
On ſlippery Rocks I ſee them ſtand,
And fiery Billows roll below.

3 Now let them boaſt how tall they riſe,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may ſtand with haughty Eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endleſs Pain.

4 Their fancy'd Joys how faſt they flee!
Juſt like a Dream when Man awakes;
Their Songs of ſofteſt Harmony
Are but a Preface to their Plagues.

5 Now I eſteem their Mirth and Wine
Too dear to purchaſe with my Blood;
LORD, 'tis enough that THOU art Mine,
My LIFE, my PORTION, and my GOD.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 O THOU, whoſe Hand has *Iſrael* led,
His Fold enlarg'd, his Paſture ſpread,
Call to thy Thought the ſacred Band,
Once own'd the Purchaſe of thine Hand.

2 The Heritage by Thee redeem'd;
Fair *Sion*'s Mount, where copious ſtream'd
Th' eternal LIGHT,—and ſpoke her Shrine
The Seat of MAJESTY divine.

3 THEE from of old my KING I ſee,
Nor knows my Heart a Friend but THEE:
Thine Arm alone, in *Jacob*'s Right,
Hath turn'd each adverſe Pow'r to Flight.

4 At thy Command, the wat'ry Deeps
Aſunder ſtood in liquid Heaps:
Thy Mandate *Jordan*'s Channel dry'd,
And backward roll'd its wond'ring Tide.

5 Thy Stroke the Rock's dark Entrails clave;
Forth from its Depth the foaming Wave
Sprang inſtant,—and with lengthen'd Train
Irriguous lav'd the thirſty Plain.

PART II.

6 BY THEE prepar'd, the Night and Day
Alternate walk th' ethereal Way;
Thy Art the Light's thin Texture ſpun,
And with it cloth'd the radiant Sun.

7 Thy Hand the Earth's vaſt Fabric rounds,
Its Balance fixes, marks its Bounds;
With Summer's Show'rs its Glebe unbinds,
Or wraps it with the wint'ry Winds.

8 PARENT of Nature! GOD ſupreme!
While Folly's Sons thy Acts blaſpheme,
O vindicate thy Name from Wrong,
And ſilence the reproachful Tongue.

9 Let not the Fangs of cruel Pow'r
Thy trembling *Turtle*'s Life devour.
Nor dark Oblivion's Shade, our Pain
For ever from thy Thought detain.

10 O give the Flock that bears thy Name,
Thy fed'ral Mercy yet to claim:
Behold within each cavern'd Cell,
Fraud, Violence, and Rapine dwell!

11 Behold! and let th' afflicted Poor,
(From Terror and from Shame secure)
With grateful Heart, and joyous Tongue,
Wake to thy Praise the hallow'd Song.

PSALM LXXV.

1 THY Name, immortal GOD, thy Name
Our Love and highest Praise shall claim;
Whose Acts attest Thee ever near,
And plant within our Hearts thy Fear.

2 "Lift not the Horn, ye Sons of Pride,
(The LORD, with fierce Rebuke hath cry'd)
"Lift not the Horn!—nor thus in vain,
"With stubborn Neck, my Name profane."

3 That GOD, whose Word the Heav'ns outspread,
The regal Crown from Head to Head
Transfers:-Wealth, Honour, Pow'r, his Doom
At Will shall grant, at Will resume.

4 His Hand the full-charg'd Cup presents,
While red with Wrath its Wine ferments,
Whose Mixture Earth's rebellious Train
Low to its utmost Dregs shall drain.

5 But I, with sacred Transport fill'd,
To *Jacob*'s GOD my Praise will yield:
Through Life's continual Round, my Tongue
Shall wake to HIM its thankful Song.

PSALM LXXVI.

1 GOD's Glories *Salem*'s Temple fill,
And rest on *Sion*'s sacred Hill:
There broke his Hand the Sword and Shield,
And cast them useless on the Field;
There snapp'd the Arrows wing'd with Fire,
And bade the raging War expire.

2 O cloth'd with Majesty divine!
O say, what Strength shall equal thine!
Not such the Mountain's Boast, whose Seat
To Rapine's Sons a safe Retreat
Presents,—and neighb'ring to the Sky,
With awful Wonder strikes the Eye.

3 At thy Rebuke, O *Jacob*'s GOD,
The Steed, whose Hoofs in hostile Blood
Were dipt,—the Car that o'er the Plain
Rush'd headlong on, nor heard the Rein,
With Horror struck, confess THEE nigh,
And wrapt in Iron-Slumber lie.

4 Earth heard when GOD the Judgment gave,
And rose his injur'd Saints to save;
In silent Dread beheld his Look,
And instant to her Centre shook:—
THOU, THOU alone, our Fear shalt claim,
Ye Nations bow, and own his Name!

5 Him serve and fear, and duteous bring
Your Presents to the heav'nly KING;

That KING, whose Sword, in Wrath apply'd,
Lops in mid Growth the Tyrant's Pride,
And threatful, bids each earthly Throne
His mightier Sway submissive own.

PSALM LXXVII.

1 TO GOD I cry'd with mournful Voice,
I sought his gracious Ear,
In the sad Day when Troubles rose,
And fill'd the Night with Fear.

2 My overwhelming Sorrows grew
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy Judgments o'er.

3 I call'd back Years and ancient Times
When I beheld thy Face;
My Spirit search'd for secret Crimes
That might withhold thy Grace.

4 I call'd thy Mercies to my Mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the LORD no more be kind?
His Face appear no more?

5 Will He for ever cast me off?
His Promise ever fail?
Has He forgot his tender Love?
Shall Anger still prevail?—

6 But I forbid this hopeless Thought,
This dark despairing Frame,
Rememb'ring what thy Hand hath wrought;
Thy Hand is still the same.

7 I'll think again of all thy Ways,
And talk thy Wonders o'er;
Thy Wonders of recov'ring Grace,
When Flesh could hope no more.

8 Grace dwells with Justice on the Throne;
And Men that love thy Word
Have in thy Sanctuary known
The Counsels of the LORD.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 LET Children hear the mighty Deeds
Which GOD perform'd of old;
Which in our younger Years we saw,
And which our Fathers told.

2 He bids us make his Glories known;
His Works of Pow'r and Grace;
And we'll convey his Wonders down
Through ev'ry rising Race.

3 Our Lips shall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs;
That Generations yet unborn
May teach them to their Heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in GOD alone
Their Hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his Works
But practise his Commands.

PART II.

5 O WHAT a stiff rebellious House
Was *Jacob*'s ancient Race!
False to their own most solemn Vows,
And to their MAKER's Grace.

6 They broke the Cov'nant of his Love,
And did his Laws defpiſe,
Forgot the Works He wrought to prove
His Pow'r before their Eyes.

7 They ſaw the Plagues on *Egypt* light
From his revenging Hand:
What dreadful Tokens of his Might
Spread o'er the ſtubborn Land.

8 They ſaw Him cleave the mighty Sea,
And march'd with Safety through,
With wat'ry Walls to guard their Way,
Till they had 'ſcap'd their Foe.

9 A wond'rous Pillar mark'd the Road,
Compos'd of Shade and Light;
By Day it prov'd a ſhelt'ring Cloud,
A leading Fire by Night.

10 He from the Rock their Thirſt ſupply'd;
The guſhing Waters fell,
And ran in Rivers by their Side,
A conſtant Miracle.

11 Yet they provok'd the LORD moſt High,
And dar'd diſtruſt his Hand:—
" Can He with Bread our Hoſt ſupply
" Amidſt this deſert Land?"

12 The LORD with Indignation heard,
And caus'd his Wrath to flame:
His Terrors ever ſtand prepar'd
To vindicate his Name.

PART III.

13 WHEN *Iſrael* ſins the LORD reproves,
And fills their Hearts with Dread;
Yet He forgives the Men he loves,
And ſends them heav'nly Bread.

14 He fed them with a lib'ral Hand,
And made his Treaſures known;
He gave the Midnight-Clouds Command
To pour Proviſion down.

15 The *Manna*, like a Morning-Show'r,
Lay thick around their Feet;
The Corn of Heav'n ſo light, ſo pure,
As though 't were Angel's Meat.

16 But they in murm'ring Language ſaid,
"*Manna* is all our Feaſt:
"We loath this light, this airy Bread;
"We muſt have *Fleſh* to taſte."

17 "Ye ſhall have Fleſh to pleaſe your Luſt,"
The LORD in Wrath replied;
And ſent them *Quails*, like Sand or Duſt,
Heap'd up from Side to Side.

18 He gave them all their own Deſire;
And greedy as they fed,
His Vengeance burnt with ſecret Fire,
And ſmote the Rebels dead.

19 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd
And ſought the LORD with Tears;
Under the Rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But ſoon forgot their Fears.

20 Oft He chaſtis'd, and ſtill forgave,
Till by his gracious Hand,
The Nation He reſolv'd to ſave
Poſſeſs'd the promis'd Land.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 O ISRAEL's Father and his GOD!
The *Heathen* Pow'rs thy lov'd Abode
Rapacious ſeize:—ſee ev'ry Foe
Reproach and fierce Deriſion throw.

2 See, LORD, and ſay how long thine Ire
Shall blaze with unextinguiſh'd Fire?
How long thy Flock are doom'd to prove
The ſad Suſpenſion of thy Love?

3 Bleſt SAVIOUR! let thy Pow'r divine
Conſpicuous in our Reſcue ſhine,
And (*Iſrael*'s Treſpaſs purg'd away)
Thy boundleſs Clemency diſplay.

4 Say, why ſhould the reproaching Foe
His Triumphs build on *Iſrael*'s Woe,
And aſk, while thus thy Scourge we bear,
"Where's now your GOD, ye outcaſts, where?"

5 O hear the wretched Captive's Groan;
The Souls whom Death has mark'd his own;
Haſte, LORD, while helpleſs thus we grieve,
Thy long-loſt People to relieve!

6 So ſhall the Flock acknowledg'd Thine
To Thee in grateful Praiſes join,
And, long as *Iſrael* boaſts a Name,
From Sire to Son tranſmit thy Fame.

PSALM LXXX.

1 GREAT SHEPHERD of thine *Iſrael*,
Who doſt between the Cherubs dwell,
And lead'ſt the Tribes, thy choſen Sheep,
Safe through the Deſert and the Deep.

2 Thy Church is in the Deſert now:
Shine from on high and guide us through,
Turn us to Thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

3 Great GOD, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
How long ſhall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind Return?
How long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?

4 Inſtead of Wine and cheerful Bread,
Thy Saints with their own Tears are fed;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PART II.

5 HAST Thou not planted with thy Hands
A lovely Vine in *Heathen* Lands?
Did not thy Pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly Dews enrich the Ground?

6 How did the ſpreading Branches ſhoot,
And bleſs the Nations with the Fruit!
But now, dear LORD, look down and ſee
Thy mourning Vine, that lovely Tree.

7 Why is its Beauty thus defac'd?
Why haſt thou laid her Fences waſte?
Strangers and Foes againſt her join,
And ev'ry Beaſt devours thy Vine.

8 Return, Almighty GOD, return;
Nor let thy bleeding Vineyard mourn:
Turn us to Thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PART III.

9 LORD, when this Vine in *Canaan* grew,
Thou waſt its Strength and Glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its Foes,
Till the fair *Branch of Promiſe* roſe.

10 Fair BRANCH, ordain'd of old to ſhoot
From *David*'s Stock, from *Jacob*'s Root;
Himſelf a noble VINE, and we
The leſſer Branches of the Tree:

11 'Tis thy own SON, and He ſhall ſtand,
Girt with thy Strength, at thy Right-Hand;
Thy firſt-born SON, adorn'd and bleſt
With Pow'r and Grace above the reſt.

12 O! for his Sake attend our Cry,
Shine on thy Churches, leſt they die;
Turn us to THEE, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 SING to the LORD aloud,
And make a joyful Noiſe:
GOD is our Strength, our SAVIOUR GOD;
Let *Iſrael* hear his Voice.

2 "From vile Idolatry
"Preſerve my Worſhip clean;
"I am the LORD who ſet thee free
"From Slavery and Sin.

3 " Stretch thy Desires abroad,
" And I'll supply them well;
" But if you will refuse your GOD,
" If *Israel* will rebel;

4 " I'll leave them, saith the LORD,
" To their own Lusts a Prey,
" And let them run the dangerous Road;
" 'Tis their own chosen Way.

5 " Yet, O! that all my Saints
" Would hearken to my Voice!
" Soon I would ease their sore Complaints,
" And bid their Hearts rejoice.

6 " While I destroy their Foes,
" I'd richly feed my Flock;
" And they should taste the Stream that flows
" From their eternal ROCK."

PSALM LXXXII.

1 AMONG th' Assemblies of the Great,
A greater Ruler takes his Seat;
The GOD of Heav'n, as Judge, surveys
Those Gods on Earth, and all their Ways.

2 Why will ye then frame wicked Laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous Cause?
When will ye once defend the Poor,
That Sinners vex the Saints no more?

3 They know not, LORD, nor will they know;
Dark are the Ways in which they go;
Their Name of earthly Gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like Men.

4 Arise, O LORD, and let thy SON
Possess his universal Throne,
And rule the Nations with his Rod:
HE is our JUDGE, and HE our GOD.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 MY GOD, no longer silent stand;
No longer let thy pow'rful Hand
Withhold its oft-requested Aid,
While thus thy Foes our Peace invade.

2 Behold them, LORD, their Arts employ,
The Heav'n-rais'd People to destroy,
The Souls, whom with thy Favour crown'd,
Thy secret Presence wraps around.

3 Their Leagues, their Plans, with frantic Aim,
Against Omnipotence they frame;
And, fir'd to Rage, with fierce Alarms
The headlong Nations rush to Arms.

4 Swift as the fiery Deluge strays,
And wraps the Forest in its Blaze,
Or, furious, onward as it pours,
The Mountain's shaggy Waste devours.

5 Let wild Confusion clothe their Cheek,
And teach them, LORD, thy Name to seek,
While Ruin, Death, and Shame they see
To each ordain'd that errs from Thee.

6 "JEHOVAH, shall the Rebels cry,
"JEHOVAH only reigns on high,
"And o'er the Earth from Day to Day
"Asserts his everlasting Sway."

PSALM LXXXIV. Metre i.

1 O GOD of Hosts, the mighty LORD,
How lovely is the Place
Where Thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st
The Brightness of thy Face!

2 My longing Soul faints with Desire
To view thy blest Abode;
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out
For Thee the living GOD.

3 The Birds a peaceful Home secure,
And, joyful, tend their Nest;—
Thine Altars yield my Soul her Joy,
Thy Courts her sweetest Rest.

4 O LORD of Hosts, my KING and GOD;
How highly blest are they
Who in thy Temple always dwell!
And there thy Praise display!

5 Thrice happy they whose Choice has Thee
Their sure Protection made:
Who long to tread the sacred Ways
That to thy Dwelling lead!

6 As through the dreary Vale they pass
Of Vanity and Tears;
Grace pours its plenteous Streams, and thence
The thirsty Desert cheers.

7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength,
And still approach more near;
Till All on *Zion*'s holy Mount
Before their GOD appear.

PART II.

8 O LORD, the mighty GOD of Hosts,
My Supplication hear;
Thou GOD of *Jacob*, to my Voice
Incline thy gracious Ear.

9 Behold, O GOD, our Shield, the Face
Of thine anointed SON:
We from our Impotence and Guilt
To HIM for Refuge run.

10 To dwell one Day within thy Courts,
My GOD, my gracious KING,
T' implore thy Love, to learn thy Will,
And thy Salvation sing:

11 Far, far in my Esteem exceeds
A thousand Days beside,
That in the Height of carnal Joys
Uninterrupted glide.

12 Rather at *Zion*'s sacred Gates
Would I a Servant wait,
Than in the Tents of Sin reside,
Or fill a Throne of State.

13 For GOD, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will Grace and Glory give;
And no good Thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

14 Thou GOD, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose Hope and Trust, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on THEE!

PSALM LXXXIV. Metre ii

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O LORD OF HOSTS, thy Dwellings are!
With long Desire my Spirit faints
To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.

2 My Flesh would rest in thine Abode;
My panting Heart cries out for GOD;
My GOD! my KING! why should I be
So far from all my Joys and THEE?

3 The Sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her Young provides a Nest;
But will my GOD to Sparrows grant
That Pleasure which his Children want?

4 Blest are the Saints who sit on high,
Around thy Throne of Majesty;
Thy brightest Glories shine above,
And all their Work is Praise and Love.

5 Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace;
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.

6 Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to *Zion*'s Gate;
GOD is their Strength; and through the Road
They lean upon their Helper GOD.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing Strength,
Till All shall meet in Heav'n at length,
Till All before thy Face appear,
And join in nobler Worship there.

PART II.

8 GREAT GOD, attend while *Zion* ſings
The Joys that from thy Preſence ſprings:
To ſpend one Day with Thee on Earth,
Exceeds a Thouſand Days of Mirth.

9 Might I enjoy the meaneſt Place
Within thy Houſe, O GOD of Grace,
Not Tents of Eaſe, nor Thrones of Pow'r,
Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

10 GOD is our Sun, he makes our Day;
GOD is our Shield; he guards our Way
From all th' Aſſaults of Hell and Sin,
From Foes without and Foes within.

11 All needful Grace will GOD beſtow,
And crown that Grace with Glory too:
He gives us all Things, and withholds
No real Good from upright Souls.

12 O GOD, our KING, whoſe fov'reign Sway
The glorious Hoſts of Heav'n obey,
And Devils at thy Preſence flee;
Bleſt is the Man that truſts in Thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. Metre iii.

1 LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are!
To thine Abode
My Heart aſpires,
With warm Deſires,
To ſee my GOD.

2 The Sparrow for her Young,
With Pleasure, seeks a Nest;
And wand'ring Swallows long
To find their wonted Rest:
My Spirit faints
With equal Zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy Saints.

3 O happy Souls that pray
Where GOD appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their constant Service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the Way
To *Zion*'s Hill!

4 They go from Strength to Strength,
Through this dark Vale of Tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears:
O glorious Seat,
When GOD our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet!

PART II.

5 TO spend one sacred Day
Where GOD and Saints abide,
Affords diviner Joy
Than Thousand Days beside;
Where GOD resorts,
I love it more
To keep the Door
Than shine in Courts.

6 GOD is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,
We draw our Bleſſings thence:
He ſhall beſtow
On *Jacob*'s Race
Peculiar Grace
And Glory too.

7 The LORD his People loves;
His Hand no Good withholds
From thoſe his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls:
Thrice happy he,
O GOD of Hoſts,
Whoſe Spirit truſts
Alone in THEE.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 LORD, thou haſt call'd thy Grace to Mind,
Thou haſt revers'd our heavy Doom;
So GOD forgave when *Iſrael* ſinn'd,
A brought his wand'ring Captives home.

2 Thou haſt begun to ſet us free,
And made thy fierceſt Wrath abate;
Now let our Hearts be turn'd to Thee,
And thy Salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying Graces, LORD,
And let thy Saints in Thee rejoice;
Make known thy Truth, fulfil thy Word;
We wait for Praiſe to tune our Voice;

4 We wait to hear what GOD will ſay:
He'll ſpeak, and give his People Peace:
But let them run no more aſtray,
Leſt his returning Wrath increaſe.

PART II.

5 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The Souls that fear and truſt the LORD;
And Grace, deſcending from on high,
Freſh Hopes of Glory ſhall afford.

6 Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,
Since CHRIST the LORD came down from Heav'n;
By his Obedience ſo complete,
Juſtice is pleas'd, and Peace is giv'n.

7 Now Truth and Honour ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on Earth again,
And heav'nly Influence bleſs the Ground,
In our REDEEMER's gentle Reign.

8 His Righteouſneſs is gone before,
To give us free Acceſs to GOD:
Our wand'ring Feet ſhall ſtray no more;
But mark his Steps, and keep the Road.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 TO my Complaint, O LORD my GOD,
Thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, diſtreſt and deſtitute
Of all Relief but Thine.

2 To me, who daily Thee invoke,
Thy Mercy, LORD, extend:
Refreſh thy Servant's Soul, whoſe Hopes
On Thee alone depend.

3 Thou LORD art good, not only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all those
Who for thy Mercy sue.

4 Thee will I praise, O LORD my GOD,
Praise Thee with Heart sincere;
And, to thy ever-glorious Name
Eternal Trophies rear.

5 For Thou thy constant Goodness didst
To my Assistance bring;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
The everlasting SPRING.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 GOD in his earthly Temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly Praise:
He likes the Tents of *Jacob* well;
But still in *Zion* loves to dwell.

2 His Mercy visits ev'ry House,
That pay their Night and Morning Vows;
But makes a more delightful Stay
Where Churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What Glories were describ'd of old!
What Wonders are of *Zion* told!
Thou City of our GOD below,
Thy Fame shall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.

4 *Egypt* and *Tyre*, and *Greek* and *Jew*,
Shall there begin their Lives anew;
Angels and Men shall join to sing
The Hill where living Waters spring.

5 When GOD makes up his laſt Account
Of Natives in his holy Mount,
'Twill be an Honour to appear
As one new-born or nouriſh'd there.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 MY SAVIOUR GOD, by Night, by Day,
To Thee I pour my Cries;
Let my ſad Plaints, while thus I pray,
Before thy Throne ariſe.

2 Low in the Depth's unfathom'd Night
Thou throw'ſt my trembling Soul;
On me thine awful Judgments light,
And all thy Tempeſts roll.

3 No friendly Feet approach me nigh;
Abhorr'd as one that's dead,
To Thee (who only hear'ſt my Cry)
My ſuppliant Hands I ſpread.

4 O ſay, ſhall mightieſt Acts be ſhown
Where Death triumphant reigns?
The Dead, to make thy Wonders known,
Burſt their ſepulchral Chains?

5 Shall Love, like thine, and Truth appear
Where Darkneſs all Things hides?
Thy Righteouſneſs be publiſh'd where
Forgetfulneſs preſides?

6 Like breaking Seas, with mighty Force
Thy Terrors bear me down;
And, with a vaſt united Courſe,
My ev'ry Comfort drown.

PSALM LXXXIX. Metre i.

1 MY never-ceaſing Songs ſhall ſhow
The Mercies of the LORD;
And make ſucceeding Ages know
How faithful is his Word.

2 The ſacred Truths his Lips pronounce
Shall firm as Heav'n endure;
And if He ſpeak a Promiſe once,
Th' eternal Grace is ſure.

3 How long the Race of *David* held
The promis'd *Jewiſh* Throne!
But there's a nobler Cov'nant ſeal'd
To *David*'s greater SON.

4 His Seed for ever ſhall poſſeſs
A Throne above the Skies;
The meaneſt Subject of his Grace
Shall to that Glory riſe.

5 LORD, GOD of Hoſts, thy wond'rous Ways
Are ſung by Saints above;
And Saints on Earth their Honours raiſe
To thy unchanging Love.

PART II.

6 WITH Rev'rence let the Saints appear,
And bow before the LORD;
His high Commands attentive hear,
And tremble at his Word.

7 How terrible thy Glories be!
How bright thine Armies ſhine!
Where is the Pow'r that vies with Thee?
Or Truth compar'd to Thine?

8 The *Northern* Pole and *Southern* reſt
On thy ſupporting Hand;
Darkneſs and Day from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*
Move round at thy Command.

9 Thy Words the raging Wind control,
And rule the boiſt'rous Deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows ſleep.

10 Heav'n, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,
And the dark World of Hell;
How did thine Arm in Vengeance ſhine,
When *Egypt* durſt rebel!

11 Juſtice and Judgment are thy Throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy Grace;
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy Face.

PART III.

12 BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Goſpel's joyful Sound;
Peace ſhall attend the Paths they go,
And Light their Steps ſurround.

13 Their Joy ſhall bear their Spirits up,
Through their REDEEMER's Name;
His Righteouſneſs exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

14 The LORD, our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives:
Iſrael, thy KING for ever reigns,
Thy GOD for ever lives.

PART IV.

15 HEAR what the LORD in Vision fail,
And made his Mercy known:
" Sinners, behold your Help is laid
" On my Almighty SON.

16 " High shall He reign on *David*'s Throne,
" My People's better KING;
" My Arm shall beat his Rivals down,
" And still new Subjects bring.

17 " My Truth shall guide Him in his Way,
" With Mercy by his Side;
" While in my Name, thro' Earth and Sea,
" He shall in Triumph ride.

18 " My first-born SON, array'd in Grace,
" At my Right-Hand shall sit;
" Beneath Him Angels know their Place,
" And Monarchs at his Feet.

19 " My Cov'nant stands for ever fast;
" My Promises are strong:
" Firm as the Heav'ns his Throne shall last,
" His Seed endure as long."

PART V.

20 " YET (saith the LORD) if *David*'s Race,
" The Children of my SON,
" Should break my Laws, abuse my Grace,
" And tempt mine Anger down;

21 " Their Sins I'll visit with a Rod,
" And make their Folly smart;
" But I'll not cease to be their GOD,
" Nor from my Truth depart.

22 " My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" But keep my Grace in Mind:
" And what eternal Love hath ſpoke,
" Eternal Truth ſhall bind.

23 " Once have I ſworn (I need no more),
" And pledg'd my Holineſs
" To ſeal the ſacred Promiſe ſure
" To *David* and his Race.

24 " The Sun ſhall ſee his Offſpring riſe,
" And ſpread from Sea to Sea,
" Long as he travels round the Skies,
" To give the Nations Day.

25 " Sure as the Moon that rules the Night,
" His Kingdom ſhall endure;
" Till the fix'd Laws of Shade and Light
" Shall be obſerv'd no more."

PART VI.

26 THINK, mighty GOD, on feeble Man!
How few his Hours! how ſhort his Span!
Short from the Cradle to the Grave:
Who can ſecure his vital Breath
Againſt the bold Demands of Death?
With Skill to fly, or Pow'r to ſave?

27 LORD, ſhall it be for ever ſaid,
" The Race of Man was only made
" For Sickneſs, Sorrow, and the Duſt?"
Are not thy Servants Day by Day
Sent to their Graves and turn'd to Clay?
LORD, where's thy Kindneſs to the Juſt?

28 Haſt Thou not promis'd to thy SON,
And all his Seed, a heav'nly Crown?
But Fleſh and Senſe indulge Deſpair:
For ever bleſſed be the LORD!
That *Faith* can read his holy Word,
And find a Reſurrection there.

29 For ever bleſſed be the LORD!
Who gives his Saints a rich Reward
For all their Toil, Reproach, and Pain;
Let All below, and All above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous Love,
And each repeat a loud *Amen*.

PSALM LXXXIX. Metre ii.

1 MY grateful Tongue, immortal KING,
Thy Mercy ſhall for ever ſing;
My Verſe to Times remoteſt Day
Thy Truth in ſacred Notes diſplay:
O Thou with endleſs Glory crown'd,—
With Faithfulneſs inveſted round.

2 From Thee, amid th' aërial Space,
The *North* and *South* aſſume their Place;
While *Tabor*'s Brow, with Ev'ning red,
And Eaſtern *Hermon*'s unſhorn Head,
Wide through their echoing Groves thy Name
In Songs of grateful Joy proclaim.

3 Strong is thine Arm; thy ſtedfaſt Will
Thy Hands with ſure Effect fulfil;
While Juſtice, 'mid th' etherial Plain,
And Equity thy Throne ſuſtain,
And white-rob'd Truth and Mercy fair
Thy Steps precede, thy Path prepare.

4 O bleſt, who know that ſacred Sound
Which ſpreads the joyful Tidings round,
And ſpeaks a *Jubilee* begun.
Which through eternal Years ſhall run!—
Around their Steps thy Light ſhall ſhine,
And ev'ry Beam declare them thine.

5 How ſhall they joy from Day to Day,
Thy boundleſs Mercy to diſplay;
Thy Righteouſneſs, indulgent LORD,
With holy Confidence record;
Thy Strength their ſureſt Refuge deem,
Thy Grace their Dignity ſupreme!

PART II.

6 FOR ever ſhall my Song record
The Truth and Mercy of the LORD:
Mercy and Truth for ever ſtand
Like Heav'n eſtabliſh'd by his Hand.

7 Thus to his SON He ſware and ſaid,
" With Thee my Cov'nant firſt is made;
" In Thee ſhall dying Sinners live;
" Glory and Grace are Thine to give.

8 " Be Thou my PROPHET, Thou my PRIEST;
" Thy Children ſhall be ever bleſt;
" Thou art my choſen King: Thy Throne
" Shall ſtand eternal like my own.

9 " There's none of all my Sons above
" So much my Image, or my Love;
" Celeſtial Pow'rs thy Subjects are:
" Then what can Earth to Thee compare?

10 "*David*, my Servant, whom I chose
"To guard my Flock, to crush my Foes,
"And rais'd him to the *Jewish* Throne,
"Was but a Shadow of my SON."

11 Now let the Church rejoice and sing
JESUS her SAVIOUR and her KING:
Angels his heav'nly Wonders show,
And Saints declare his Works below.

PSALM XC. Metre i.

1 O GOD, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come;
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home.

2 Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is sure.

3 Before the Hills in Order stood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From everlasting Thou art GOD,
To endless Years the same.

4 A Thousand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Ev'ning gone;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night,
Before the rising Sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all its Sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the op'ning Day.

6 Like flow'ry Fields the Nations ſtand,
Pleas'd with the Morning-Light;
The Flow'rs beneath the Mower's Hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis Night.

7 O GOD, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come;
Be thou our Guard whilſt Life ſhall laſt,
And our eternal Home.

PART II.

8 THOU, LORD, haſt weigh'd our ev'ry Fault,
And thine all-ſearching Eyes
Mark and arreſt each guilty Thought
Which veil'd in Darkneſs lies.

9 Our fleeting Days are ſwiftly blown
Before thy angry Blaſt;
Our Years, like empty Tales, are gone,
Which ſcarce a Moment laſt.

10 'Tis but a few whoſe Days amount
To threeſcore Years and ten;
And all beyond that ſhort Account,
Is Sorrow, Toil, and Pain.

11 So teach us to compute our Days,
And ſo our Hearts apply,
That ſafely we, through Wiſdom's Ways,
May reach Eternity.

12 Return, O LORD, and grant ſome Reſt
To all thy Servant's Woes;
Our Hearts, with early Mercies bleſt,
To holy Joys diſpoſe!

13 Let Heav'n ſucceed our painful Years,
Let Sin and Sorrow ceaſe;
And in Proportion to our Tears,
So make our Joys increaſe.

14 Thy Wonders to thy Servants ſhow;
Make thy own Work complete;
Then ſhall our Souls thy Glory know,
And own thy Love was great.

PSALM XC. Metre ii.

1 THEE, LORD, their Refuge, Thee alone,
From earlieſt Age, thy People own:
Thou, ere the Mountains roſe to Birth,
And, while unform'd the Heav'ns and Earth,
For ever GOD!

2 A Thouſand Years to thy Survey
Are as the Hours of Yeſterday;
A Watch in Night one ſcarce perceives
When preſent,—and when abſent leaves
No Trace behind.

3 Our Life, with all its Toil and Care,
Diſſolves like Vapours in the Air;
Or as a Phantom of the Night
Glides by the weak, deluded Sight,
And ſcarce is ſeen.

4 Or like the Graſs which ſprings to view,
By Show'rs refreſh'd, or early Dew;
Anon, beneath the Mower's Hand,
Swept down, all wither'd ſtrows the Land
By cloſing Day.

5 Thine Eyes our inmoſt Guilt can read,
Thy Preſence on each impious Deed
(That ſtudious ſhuns the Sight of Day)
Reſiſtleſs darts its ſearching Ray,
Thou JUDGE of All.

6 O who thy Terrors juſtly weighs?
Who to thy Pow'r ſubmiſſive pays
Proportion'd Homage?—Teach us, Thou,
To count Life's Moments as they flow,
And learn to die.

PART II.

7 RETURN, O GOD of HOSTS, return;
How long ſhall we thine Abſence mourn!
Return, and let thy wonted Love
Our Sins ſubdue, our Griefs remove
With ſpeedieſt Aid.

8 O viſit with enliv'ning Grace
Thy Servants lab'ring in Diſtreſs;
Regard thy Mercy's dear Deſign,
And raiſe with Lenity divine
Their fainting Souls.

9 Thy bounteous Goodneſs, LORD, impart,
And fill with Joy each drooping Heart:
In thine Indulgence may we reſt,
Since wretched Man alone is bleſt
Beneath thy Smile.

10 Our Souls devoted to be thine,
And on their Race, through Ages ſhine;
Their pious Labours deign to own,
Aid them in doing, and when done,
Accept and bleſs.

PSALM XCI. Metre 1.

1 HOW bleſt the Man, how ſafe from Harm,
Who to his SAVIOUR flies!
And on his Truth and mighty Arm
Alone for Help relies!

2 He from the Fowler's ſecret Snare
Thy trembling Feet ſhall guide;
And ſhield from Plagues that walk the Air
With Death's gigantic Stride.

3 His overſpreading Wings of Love
Shall ſure Protection yield;
While his eternal Truth ſhall prove
Thine adamantine Shield.

4 What though ſtrange Terrors fill the Night?
Death's Shafts obſcure the Day?
He, thy Salvation's Strength and Light,
Shall chaſe each Fear away.

5 What tho' fierce Plagues, thro' horrid Gloom,
With wild Deſtruction reign?
Tho' Thouſands round thee crowd the Tomb,
Ten Thouſands preſs the Plain?

6 Thine Eyes ſhall ſee his vengeful Rod,
And not one Fear moleſt;
In the high Friendſhip of thy GOD,
Supremely ſafe and bleſt.

PART II.

7 YE Sons of Men, a feeble Race,
Expos'd to ev'ry Snare,
Come, make the LORD your Dwelling-place,
And try, and truſt his Care.

8 No Ill ſhall enter where you dwell;
Or if the Plague come nigh,
And ſweep the Wicked down to Hell,
'Twill raiſe the Saints on high.

9 He'll give his Angels Charge to keep
Your Feet in all their Ways;
To watch your Pillow while you ſleep,
And guard your happy Days.

10 Their Hands ſhall bear you leſt you fall
And daſh againſt the Stones:
Are they not Servants at his Call,
And ſent t' attend his Sons?

11 Adders and Lions ye ſhall tread;
The Tempter's Wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the Serpent's Head,
Puts him beneath your Feet.

12 "Becauſe on Me they ſet their Love,
"I'll ſave them, (ſaith the LORD)
"I'll bear their joyful Souls above
"Deſtruction and the Sword.

13 "My Grace ſhall anſwer when they call;
"In Trouble I'll be nigh:
"My Pow'r ſhall help them when they fall,
"And raiſe them when they die.

14 "Thoſe that on Earth my Name have known,
"I'll honour them in Heav'n;
"There my Salvation ſhall be ſhown,
"And endleſs Life be giv'n."

PSALM XCI. Metre ii.

1 HE that hath made his Refuge GOD,
Shall find a moſt ſecure Abode;
Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade,
And there at Night ſhall reſt his Head.

2 Then will I ſay, "My GOD, thy Pow'r
"Shall be my Fortreſs and my Tow'r;
"I, that am form'd of feeble Duſt,
"Make thine Almighty Arm my Truſt."

3 Thrice happy Man! Thy Maker's Care
Shall keep thee from the Fowler's Snare,
Satan the Fowler, who betrays
Unguarded Souls a thouſand Ways.

4 Juſt as a Hen protects her Brood
From Birds of Prey that ſeek their Blood,
Under her Feathers; ſo the LORD
Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.

5 If burning Beams of Noon conſpire
To dart a peſtilential Fire,
GOD is their Life, his Wings are ſpread
To ſhield them with an healthful Shade.

6 If Vapours with malignant Breath
Riſe thick, and ſcatter Midnight-Death,
Iſrael is ſafe:—The poiſon'd Air
Grows pure, if *Iſrael*'s GOD be there.

PSALM XCII. Metre i.

1 THOU who art enthron'd above,
Thou by whom we live and move;
O how ſweet with joyful Tongue
To reſound thy Praiſe in Song!

When the Morning paints the Skies,
When the ſparkling Stars ariſe,
All thy Favours to rehearſe,
And give Thanks in grateful Verſe.

2 Sweet the Day of ſacred Reſt,
When Devotion fills the Breaſt;
When we dwell within thy Houſe,
Hear thy Word, and pay our Vows:—
Notes to Heav'n's high Manſion raiſe,
Fill its Courts with joyful Praiſe;
Let repeated Hymns proclaim
Great JEHOVAH's awful Name.

3 From thy Works our Joys ariſe,
O Thou only Good and Wiſe!
Who thy Wonders can declare?
How profound thy Counſels are!
Warm our Hearts with ſacred Fire,
Grateful Fervours ſtill inſpire;
All our Pow'rs, with all their Might,
Ever in thy Praiſe unite.

PSALM XCII. Metre ii.

1 SWEET is the Work, my GOD, my KING,
To praiſe thy Name, give Thanks and ſing;
To ſhew thy Love by Morning Light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

2 Sweet is the Day of ſacred Reſt;
No mortal Cares ſhall ſeize my Breaſt;
O may my Heart in Tune be found,
Like *David*'s Harp of ſolemn Sound!

3 My Heart ſhall triumph in my LORD,
And bleſs his Works, and bleſs his Word:
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy Counſels! how divine!

4 Fools never raiſe their Thoughts ſo high;
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;
Like Graſs they flouriſh, till thy Breath
Blaſt them in everlaſting Death.

5 But I ſhall ſhare a glorious Part
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,
And freſh Supplies of Joy are ſhed,
Like holy Oil, to cheer my Head.

6 Sin (my worſt Enemy before)
Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more:
My inward Foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor *Satan* break my Peace again.

7 Then ſhall I ſee, and hear, and know,
All I deſir'd or wiſh'd below;
And ev'ry Pow'r find ſweet Employ
In that eternal World of Joy.

PART II.

8 LORD, 'tis a pleaſant Thing to ſtand
In Gardens planted by thine Hand;
Let me within thy Courts be ſeen
Like a young *Cedar*, freſh and green.

9 There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,
Bleſt with thy Influence from above;
Not *Lebanon*, with all its Trees,
Yields ſuch a comely Sight as theſe.

10 The Plants of Grace ſhall ever live;
(Nature decays, but Grace muſt thrive)
Time, that doth all Things elſe impair,
Still makes them flouriſh ſtrong and fair.

11 Laden with Fruits of Age, they ſhew
The LORD is Holy, Juſt, and True:
None that attend his Gates ſhall find
A GOD unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. Metre i.

1 WITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
The LORD that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundation ſtrongly laid,
And the vaſt Fabric ſtill ſuſtains.

2 How ſure eſtabliſh'd is thy Throne!
Which ſhall no Change or Period ſee;
For Thou, O LORD, and Thou alone,
Art GOD from all Eternity.

3 The ſwelling Floods tumultuous riſe,
Aloud the angry Tempeſts roar,
Lift their proud Billows to the Skies,
And foam and laſh the trembling Shore.

4 The LORD, the mighty GOD on high,
Controls the fiercely raging Seas;
He ſpeaks!—and Noiſe and Tempeſt fly,
The Waves ſink down in gentle Peace.

5 Thy ſov'reign Laws are ever ſure,
Eternal Holineſs is Thine;
And, LORD, thy People ſhould be pure,
And in thy bleſt Reſemblance ſhine.

PSALM XCIII. Metre ii.

1 THE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
And royal State maintains,
His Head with awful Glories crown'd:
Array'd in Robes of Light,
Begirt with sov'reign Might,
And Rays of Majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy Commands,
The World securely stands;
And Skies and Stars obey thy Word:
Thy Throne was fix'd on high,
Before the starry Sky;
Eternal is thy Kingdom, LORD.

3 In vain the noisy Crowd,
Like Billows fierce and loud,
Against thine Empire rage and roar:
In vain with angry Spite,
The furious Nations fight,
And dash like Waves against the Shore.

4 Let Floods and Nations rage,
And all their Pow'rs engage;
Let swelling Tides assault the Sky;
The Terrors of thy Frown
Shall beat their Madness down;
Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy Promises are true,
Thy Grace is ever new:
There fix'd thy Church shall ne'er remove:
Thy Saints with holy Fear
Shall in thy Courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting Love.

PSALM XCIV.

1 O GOD, to whom Revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy Wrath aloud;
Let sov'reign Pow'r redress our Wrongs,
Let Justice smite the Proud.

2 They say, "The LORD nor sees nor hears;"
When will the Fools be wise!
Can HE be deaf, who form'd their Ears?
Or blind who made their Eyes?

3 He knows their impious Thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his Pow'r;
His Wrath shall pierce their Souls with Pain,
In some surprising Hour.

4 But if thy Saints deserve Rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler Rod;
Thy Providences and thy Book
Shall make them know their GOD.

5 Blest is the Man thy Hands chastise,
And to his Duty draw:
Thy Scourges make thy Children wise,
When they forget thy Law.

6 But GOD will ne'er cast off his Saints,
Nor his own Promise break;
He pardons his Inheritance,
For their REDEEMER's Sake.

PART II.

7 WHO will arise and plead my Right
Against my num'rous Foes,
While Earth and Hell their Force unite,
And all my Hopes oppose?

8 Had not the LORD, my Rock, my Help,
Sustain'd my fainting Head,
My Life had now in Silence dwelt,
My Soul among the Dead.

9 "Alas! my sliding Feet!" I cry'd;
Thy Promise was my Prop:
Thy Grace stood constant by my Side:
Thy SPIRIT bore me up.

10 While Multitudes of mournful Thoughts
Within my Bosom roll;
Thy boundless Love forgives my Faults,
Thy Comforts cheer my Soul.

11 Pow'rs of Iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious Laws:
But GOD my Refuge rules the Skies,
HE will defend my Cause.

12 Let Malice vent her Rage aloud,
Let bold Blasphemer's scoff;
The LORD our GOD shall judge the Proud,
And cut the Sinners off.

PSALM XCV. Metre i.

1 COME, sound his Praise abroad,
And Hymns of Glory sing;
JEHOVAH is the sov'reign GOD,
The universal KING.

2 He form'd the Deeps unknown;
He gave the Seas their Bound;
The wat'ry Worlds are all his own;
And all the solid Ground.

3 Come, worſhip at his Throne;
Come, bow before the LORD:
We are his Work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his Word.

4 To-day attend his Voice,
Nor dare provoke his Rod;
Come, like the People of his Choice,
And own your gracious GOD.

5 But if your Ears refuſe
The Language of his Grace,
And Hearts grow hard like ſtubborn *Jews*,
That unbelieving Race;

6 The LORD, in Vengeance dreſt,
Will lift his Hand and ſwear,
"You that deſpis'd my promis'd Reſt
"Shall have no Portion there."

PSALM XCV. Metre ii.

1 SING to the LORD JEHOVAH's Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

2 With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Pſalms of Honour ſing;
The LORD's a GOD of boundleſs Might,
The whole Creation's KING.

3 Let Princes hear, let Angels know,
How mean their Natures ſeem,
Thoſe Gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compar'd with HIM.

4 Earth, with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious Hand;
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills muſt ſtand.

5 Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come, kneel before his Face;
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace!

6 Now is the Time, He bends his Ear,
And waits for your Requeſt;
Come, leſt He rouze his Wrath, and ſwear,
"Ye ſhall not ſee my Reſt."

PSALM XCV. Metre iii.

1 O COME, loud Anthems let us ſing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty KING:
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's ROCK we praiſe

2 Into his Preſence let us haſte,
To thank Him for his Favours paſt;
To Him addreſs, in joyful Songs,
The Praiſe that to his Name belongs.

3 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her ſecret Wealth at his Command;
The Strength of Hills that threat the Skies
Subjected to his Empire lies.

4 The rolling Ocean's vaſt Abyſs
By the ſame ſov'reign Right is His;
'Tis mov'd by the Almighty Hand
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land.

5 O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there;
Down on our Knees devoutly All
Before the LORD our MAKER fall.

PSALM XCVI. Metre i.

1 SING to the LORD, ye distant Lands,
Ye Tribes of ev'ry Tongue:
His new discover'd Grace demands
A new and nobler Song.

2 Say to the Nations, JESUS reigns,
GOD's own Almighty SON:
His Pow'r the sinking World sustains,
And Grace surrounds his Throne.

3 Let Heav'n proclaim the joyful Day,
Joy through the Earth be seen;
Let Cities shine in bright Array,
And Fields in cheerful Green.

4 Let an unusual Joy surprise
The Islands of the Sea:
Ye Mountains sink, ye Valleys rise,
Prepare the LORD his Way.

5 Behold He comes! he comes to bless
The Nations as their GOD;
To shew the World his Righteousness,
And send his Truth abroad.

6 But when his Voice shall raise the Dead,
And bid the World draw near,
How will the guilty Nations dread
To see their JUDGE appear!

PSALM XCVI. Metre ii.

1 SING to the LORD some new-taught Song;
Earth, to his Name the Note prolong:
Till Realms remote his Acts have known,
And Man's own Race his Wonders own.

2 Great is the LORD, and great his Praise:
What GOD like Him our Fear can raise?
Not such as *Heathen* Lands afford,
Created first, and then ador'd.

3 Yield to his Name the Honours due;
Oft to his Courts your Way pursue
With solemn Step; and joyful bring
The Off'ring to your heav'nly KING.

4 Before the Beauty of his Shrine,
Ye Saints in low Prostration join;
Ye Natives of each distant Shore,
His Pow'r revere; his Name adore.

PSALM XCVI. Metre iii.

1 LET all the Earth their Voices raise
To sing the choicest Psalm of Praise,
To sing and bless JEHOVAH's Name:
His Glory let the *Heathens* know,
His Wonders to the Nations show,
And all his saving Works proclaim.

2 The *Heathens* know thy Glory, LORD;
The wond'ring Nations read thy Word,
In *Britain* is JEHOVAH known:
Our Worship shall no more be paid
To Gods which mortal Hands have made;
Our MAKER is our GOD alone.

3 He fram'd the Globe, He built the Sky,
He made the ſhining Worlds on high,
And reigns complete in Glory there:
His Beams are Majeſty and Light;
His Beauties how divinely bright!
His Temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,
When Earth ſhall feel his ſaving Pow'r,
And barb'rous Nations fear his Name;
Then ſhall the Race of Man confeſs
The Beauty of his Holineſs,
And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. Metre i.

1 YE Iſlands of the *Northern* Sea
Rejoice, the SAVIOUR reigns;
His Word, like Fire, prepares his Way,
And Mountains melt to Plains.

2 His Preſence ſinks the proudeſt Hills,
And makes the Valleys riſe:
The humble Soul enjoys his Smiles,
The haughty Sinner dies.

3 The Heav'ns his rightful Pow'r proclaim;
The Idol-Gods around
Fill their own Worſhippers with Shame,
And totter to the Ground.

4 Adoring Angels at his Birth
Make the REDEEMER known;
Thus ſhall He come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.

5 His Foes ſhall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire:
His Children take their ſecret Flight,
And leave the World on Fire.

6 The Seeds of Joy and Glory ſown
For Saints in Darkneſs here,
Shall riſe and ſpring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harveſt bear.

PSALM XCVII. Metre ii.

1 HE reigns, the LORD, the SAVIOUR reigns!
Praiſe Him in evangelic Strains:
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And diſtant Iſlands join their Voice.

2 Deep are his Counſels and unknown;
But Grace and Truth ſupport his Throne:
Though gloomy Clouds his Way ſurround,
Juſtice is their eternal Ground.

3 In Robes of Judgment, lo! He comes,
Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the Tombs!
Before Him burns devouring Fire,
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire!

4 His Enemies, with ſore Diſmay,
Fly from the Sight, and ſhun the Day;
Then lift your Heads, ye Saints, on high,
And ſing, for your Redemption's nigh.

PART II.

5 THE LORD is come; the Heav'ns proclaim
His Birth; the Nations learn his Name:
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of *Eaſtern* Sages to their GOD.

6 All ye bright Armies of the Skies,
Go, worſhip where the SAVIOUR lies:
Angels and Kings before Him bow,
Thoſe Gods on high, and Gods below.

7 Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worſhippers confound:
But *Judah* ſhout, but *Zion* ſing,
And Earth confeſs her ſov'reign KING.

PART III.

8 TH' ALMIGHTY reigns exalted high
O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky;
Though Clouds and Darkneſs veil his Feet,
His Dwelling is the Mercy-Seat.

9 O ye that love his holy Name,
Hate ev'ry Work of Sin and Shame:
He guards the Souls of all his Friends,
And from the Snares of Hell defends.

10 Immortal Light, and Joys unknown,
Are for the Saints in Darkneſs ſown;
Thoſe glorious Seeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright Harveſt bleſs our Eyes.

11 Rejoice, ye Righteous, and record
The ſacred Honours of the LORD:
None but the Soul that feels his Grace,
Can triumph in his Holineſs.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 TO our Almighty MAKER, GOD,
New Honours be addreſt;
His great Salvation ſhines abroad,
And makes the Nations bleſt.

2 He ſpake the Word to *Abr'ham* firſt;
His Truth fulfils the Grace;
The Gentiles make his Name their Truſt,
And learn his Righteouſneſs.

3 Let the whole Earth his Love proclaim
With all her diff'rent Tongues;
And ſpread the Honours of his Name
In Melody and Songs.

PART II.

4 JOY to the World; the LORD is come!
Let Earth receive her KING:
Let ev'ry Heart prepare Him Room,
And Heav'n and Nature ſing.

5 Joy to the Earth; the SAVIOUR reigns!
Let men their Songs employ;
While Seas and Shores, Rocks, Hills and Plains,
Repeat the ſounding Joy.

6 No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
Nor Thorns infeſt the Ground;
He comes to make his Bleſſings flow,
Far as the Curſe is found.

7 He rules the World with Truth and Grace;
And makes the Nations prove
The Glories of his Righteouſneſs,
And Wonders of his Love.

PSALM XCIX.

1 THE GOD JEHOVAH reigns,
Let all the Nations fear:
Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
And Saints be humble there.

2 JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
Let Earth adore its LORD:
Bright Cherubs his Attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his Word.

3 In *Zion* is his Throne,
His Honours are divine;
His Church ſhall make his Wonders known,
For there his Glories ſhine.

4 How holy is his Name!
How terrible his Praiſe!
Juſtice and Truth, and Judgment join
In all his Works of Grace.

PART II.

5 EXALT the LORD our GOD,
And worſhip at his Feet;
His Nature is all Holineſs,
And Mercy is his Seat.

6 When *Iſrael* was his Church,
When *Aaron* was his Prieſt,
When *Moſes* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
He gave his People Reſt.

7 Oft He forgave their Sins,
Nor would deſtroy their Race;
And oft He made his Vengeance known,
When they abus'd his Grace.

8 Exalt the LORD our GOD,
Whoſe Grace is ſtill the ſame;
Still He's a GOD of Holineſs,
And jealous for his Name.

PSALM C.

1 ALL People that on Earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful Voice
Him ſerve with Fear, his Praiſe forth-tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The LORD, ye know, is GOD indeed,
Without our Aid He did us make,
We are his Flock, He doth us feed,
And for his Sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then his Gates with Praiſe,
Approach with Joy his Courts unto;
Praiſe, laud, and bleſs his Name always,
For it is ſeemly ſo to do.

4 For why? the LORD our GOD is good,
His Mercy is for ever ſure:
His Truth at all Times firmly ſtood,
And ſhall from Age to Age endure.

VERSION II.

1 WITH one Conſent let all the Earth
To GOD their cheerful Voices raiſe
Glad Homage pay with hallow'd Mirth,
And ſing before Him Songs of Praiſe.

2 Convinc'd that He is GOD alone,
From whom both we and All proceed;
We whom He chooſes for his own,
The Flock that He vouchſafes to feed.

3 O enter then his Temple-Gate,
Thence to his Courts devoutly preſs,
And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat,
And ſtill his Name with Praiſes bleſs.

4 For He's the LORD, supremely good,
His Mercy is for ever sure;
His Truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless Ages shall endure.

VERSION III.

1 BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful Throne,
Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men:
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

3 We are his People, we his Care,
Our Souls, and all our mortal Frame:—
What lasting Honours shall we rear,
Almighty MAKER, to thy Name?

4 We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs;
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise;
And Earth, with her ten Thousand Tongues,
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

5 Wide as the World is thy Command!
Vast as Eternity thy Love!
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

PSALM CI.

1 OF Justice and of Grace I sing,
And pay my GOD my Vows;
Thy Grace and Justice, heav'nly KING,
Teach me to rule my House.

2 Now to my Tent, O GOD, repair,
And make thy Servant wife;
I'll ſuffer nothing near me there,
That ſhall offend thine Eyes.

3 The Man that doth his Neighbour wrong
By Falſehood or by Force,
The ſcornful Eye, the ſland'rous Tongue,
I'll thruſt them from my Doors.

4 I'll ſeek the Faithful and the Juſt,
And will their Help enjoy:
Theſe are the Friends that I will truſt,
The Servants I'll employ.

5 The Wretch that meditates Deceit
I'll not endure a Night:
The Liar's Tongue I ever hate,
And baniſh from my Sight.

6 I'll purge my Family around,
And make the wicked flee:
So ſhall my Houſe be ever found
A Dwelling meet for Thee.

PSALM CII.

1 HEAR me, O GOD, nor hide thy Face
But anſwer, leſt I die:
Haſt Thou not built a Throne of Grace,
To hear when Sinners cry?

2 My Days are waſted like the Smoke
Diſſolving in the Air:
My Strength is dry'd, my Heart is broke,
And ſinking in Deſpair.

3 So walks the Pelican distrest,
The Bird of Night so shrieks:
So the sad Sparrow from his Nest,
His lost Companion seeks.

4 Sense can afford no real Joy
To Souls that feel thy Frown;
LORD, 'twas thy Hand advanc'd me high,
Thy Hand hath cast me down.

5 I like a wither'd Leaf appear;
And Life's declining Light
Grows faint as Ev'ning Shadows are,
That vanish into Night.

6 But Thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal GOD;
Ages to come shall know thy Name,
And spread thy Works abroad.

7 Thou wilt arise, and shew thy Face,
Nor will my LORD delay
Beyond th' appointed Hour of Grace,
That long-expected Day.

8 He hears his Saints, He knows their Cry,
And by mysterious Ways
Redeems the Pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their Tongues with Praise.

PART II.

9 LET *Zion* and her Sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd Hour:
Her GOD hath heard her mourning Voice,
And comes t' exalt his Pow'r.

10 Her Duſt and Ruins that remain
Are precious in our Eyes;
Thoſe Ruins ſhall be built again,
And all that Duſt ſhall riſe.

11 The LORD will raiſe *Jeruſalem*,
And ſtand in Glory there;
Nations ſhall bow before his Name,
And Kings attend with Fear.

12 He ſits a Sov'reign on his Throne,
With Pity in his Eyes:
He hears the dying Pris'ners groan,
And ſees their Sighs ariſe.

13 He frees the Souls condemn'd to Death,
And when his Saints complain,
'Twill ne'er be ſaid, "That praying Breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain."

14 This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long Record,
That Ages yet unborn may read,
And truſt and praiſe the LORD.

PART III.

15 IT is the LORD our SAVIOUR's Hand
Weakens our Strength amidſt the Race;
Diſeaſe and Death at his Command
Arreſt us, and cut ſhort our Days.

16 Spare us, O LORD, aloud we pray,
Nor let our Sun go down at Noon:
Thy Years are one eternal Day,
And muſt thy Children die ſo ſoon?

17 Yet in the midſt of Death and Grief,
This Thought our Sorrow ſhall aſſuage;
"Our FATHER and our SAVIOUR live;
"CHRIST is the ſame through ev'ry Age."

18 'Twas He this Earth's Foundation laid;
Heav'n is the Building of his Hand;
This Earth grows old, theſe Heav'ns ſhall fade,
And all be chang'd at his Command.

19 The ſtarry Curtains of the Sky,
Like Garments ſhall be laid aſide;
But ſtill thy Throne ſtands firm and high;
Thy Church for ever muſt abide.

20 Before thy Face thy Church ſhall live,
And on thy Throne thy Children reign;
This dying World ſhall they ſurvive,
And the dead Saints be rais'd again.

PSALM CIII. Metre i.

1 O BLESS the LORD, my Soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my Tongue to bleſs his Name,
Whoſe Favours are divine.

2 O bleſs the LORD, my Soul!
Nor let his Mercies lie
Forgotten in Unthankfulneſs,
And without Praiſes die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy Sins,
'Tis He relieves thy Pain,
'Tis He who heals thy Sickneſſes,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy Life with Love,
When ranſom'd from the Grave;
He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell,
Hath ſov'reign Pow'r to ſave.

5 He fills the Poor with Good;
He gives the Suff'rers Reſt;
The LORD hath Judgments for the Proud,
And Juſtice for th' Oppreſt.

6 His wond'rous Works and Ways
He made by *Moſes* known;
But ſent the World his Truth and Grace,
By his beloved SON.

PART II.

7 MY Soul repeat his Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe Anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

8 GOD will not always chide;
And when his Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.

9 High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our higheſt Thoughts exceed.

10 His Pow'r ſubdues our Sins,
And his forgiving Love
Far as the *Eaſt* is from the *Weſt*,
Doth all our Guilt remove.

11 The Pity of the LORD
To thoſe that fear his Name,
Is ſuch as tender Parents feel,
He knows our feeble Frame.

12 He knows we are but Duſt
Scatter'd with ev'ry Breath;
His Anger, like a riſing Wind,
Can ſend us ſwift to Death!

13 Our Days are as the Graſs,
Or like the Morning-Flow'r:
If one ſharp Blaſt ſweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

14 But thy Compaſſions, LORD,
To endleſs Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Word of Promiſe ſure.

PART III.

15 THE LORD, the ſov'reign KING,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly World He rules,
And All beneath the Sky.

16 Ye Angels, great in Might,
And ſwift to do his Will,
Bleſs ye the LORD, whoſe Voice ye hear,
Whoſe Pleaſure ye fulfil.

17 Let the bright Hoſts who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praiſe they ſing.

18 While all his wond'rous Works
Through his vaſt Kingdom ſhew
Their MAKER's Glory,—thou, my Soul,
Shalt ſing his Graces too.

PSALM CIII. Metre ii.

1 BLESS, O my Soul, the living GOD,
Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the Pow'rs within me join,
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my Soul, the GOD of Grace;
His Favours claim thy higheſt Praiſe:
Why ſhould the Wonders He hath wrought
Be loſt in Silence, and forgot?

3 'Tis He, my Soul, that ſent his SON
To die for Crimes which thou haſt done:
He owns the Ranſom, and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.

4 The Vices of the Mind He heals,
And cures the Pains that Nature feels:
Redeems the Soul from Hell, and ſaves
Our waſting Life from threat'ning Graves.

5 Our Youth decay'd, his Pow'r repairs;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years:
He ſatisfies our Mouths with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

6 Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confeſs;
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;
The *Gentile* with the *Jew* ſhall join
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.

PART II.

7 THE LORD abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace:
His waken'd Wrath does slowly move,
His willing Mercy flows apace.

8 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends,
Above this little Spot of Clay;
So much his boundless Love transcends
The small Respects that we can pay.

9 As far as 'tis from *East* to *West*,
So far has He our Sins remov'd;
Who with a Father's tender Breast
Has such as fear him always lov'd.

10 For GOD, who all our Frame surveys,
Considers that we are but Clay;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our Days
Like Grass or Flow'rs must fade away.

11 While they are nipt with sudden Blasts,
Nor can we find their former Place;
GOD's faithful Mercy ever lasts
To those that fear Him, and their Race.

12 Let ev'ry Creature jointly bless
The mighty LORD; and thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks express,
And in this Concert bear thy Part.

PSALM CIV.

1 MY Soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial Rays
He in full Majesty appears,
And like a Robe his Glory wears.

2 The Heav'ns are for his Curtains ſpread;
Th' unfathom'd Deep He makes his Bed:
Clouds are his Chariot when He flies
On winged Storms acroſs the Skies.

3 Angels, whom his own Breath inſpires,
His Miniſters are flaming Fires;
And ſwift as Thought their Armies move,
To bear his Vengeance or his Love.

4 The World's Foundations by his Hand
Are pois'd, and ſhall for ever ſtand;
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,
Leſt it ſhould drown the Earth again.

5 When Earth was cover'd with the Flood,
Which high above the Mountains ſtood,
He thunder'd, and the Ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.

6 The ſwelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round;
Yet thence refreſh the thirſty Plain,
And Life in all its Forms ſuſtain.

7 He bids the cryſtal Fountains flow,
And cheer the Vallies as they go;
Tame Heifers there, their Thirſt allay,
And for the Stream wild Aſſes bray.

8 From pleaſant Trees which ſhade the Brink,
The Lark and Linnet 'light to drink;
Their Songs the Lark and Linnet raiſe,
And chide our Silence in his Praiſe.

PART II.

9 GOD from his cloudy Ciſtern pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs;
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thouſand joyful Bleſſings yield.

10 He makes the graſſy Food ariſe,
And gives the Cattle large Supplies;
With Herbs for Man of various Pow'r,
To nouriſh Nature, or to cure.

11 What noble Fruit the Vines produce!
The Olive yields a ſhining Juice;
Our Hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous Wine,
With inward Joy our Faces ſhine.

12 O bleſs his Name, ye *Britons*, fed
With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread;
While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve Him with Vigour in your Hearts.

PART III.

13 BEHOLD the ſtately Cedar ſtands
Rais'd in the Foreſt by his Hands;
Birds to the Boughs for Shelter fly,
And build their Neſts ſecure on high.

14 To craggy Hills aſcends the Goat;
And at the airy Mountain's Foot
The feebler Creatures make their Cell:
He gives them Wiſdom where to dwell.

15 He ſets the Sun his circling Race,
Appoints the Moon to change her Face;
And when thick Darkneſs veils the Day,
Calls out wild Beaſts to hunt their Prey.

16 Fierce Lions lead their Young abroad,
And roaring aſk their Meat from GOD;
But when the Morning-Beams ariſe,
The ſavage Beaſt to Covert flies.

17 Then Man to daily Labour goes;
The Night was made for his Repoſe:—
Sleep is thy Gift, that ſweet Relief
From tireſome Toil and waſting Grief.

18 How ſtrange thy Works! how great thy Skill.
And ev'ry Land thy Riches fill;
Thy Wiſdom round the World we ſee,
This ſpacious Earth is full of THEE.

19 Nor leſs thy Glories in the Deep,
Where Fiſh in Millions ſwim and creep
With wond'rous Motions, ſwift or ſlow,
Still wand'ring in the Paths below.

20 There Ships divide their wat'ry Way,
And Flocks of ſcaly Monſters play:
There dwells the huge *Leviathan*,
And foams and ſports in ſpite of Man.

PART IV.

21 VAST are thy Works, Almighty LORD!
All Nature reſts upon thy Word,
And the whole Race of Creatures ſtands,
Waiting their Portion from thy Hands.

22 While each receives his diff'rent Food,
Their cheerful Looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and Bears, and Whales and Worms,
Rejoice and praiſe in diff'rent Forms.

23 But when thy Face is hid, they mourn,
And dying, to their Duſt return;
Both Man and Beaſt their Souls reſign;
Life, Breath, and Spirit, all are Thine.

24 Yet thou canſt breathe on Duſt again,
And fill the World with Beaſts and Men;
A Word of thy creating Breath
Repairs the Waſte of Time and Death.

25 His Works, the Wonders of his Might,
Are honour'd with his own Delight;
How awful are his glorious Ways!
The LORD is dreadful in his Praiſe.

26 The Earth ſtands trembling at thy Stroke;
And at thy Touch the Mountains ſmoke;
Yet humble Souls may ſee thy Face,
And tell their Wants to ſov'reign Grace.

27 In Thee my Hopes and Wiſhes meet,
And make my Meditations ſweet;
Thy Praiſes ſhall my Breath employ,
Till it expire in endleſs Joy.

28 While haughty Sinners die accurſt,
Their Glory bury'd with their Duſt,
I to my GOD, my heav'nly KING,
Immortal *Hallelujahs* ſing.

PSALM CV.

1 O RENDER Thanks, and bleſs the LORD,
Invoke his ſacred Name:
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
His matchleſs Deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his Praiſe in lofty Hymns,
His wond'rous Works rehearſe:
Make them the Theme of your Diſcourſe,
The Subject of your Verſe.

3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy
Who humbly ſeek the LORD.

4 Seek ye the LORD, his ſaving Strength
Devoutly ſtill implore;
And where he's ever preſent, ſeek
His Face for evermore.

5 O let the Works his Hands have wrought
Your Admiration move;
Think on the Judgments of his Mouth,
And Wonders of his Love.

6 His Cov'nant, which he kept in Mind
For num'rous Ages paſt,
To num'rous Ages yet behind
In equal Force ſhall laſt.

PART II.

7 GOD ſware to *Abr'ham* and his Seed,
And made the Bleſſings ſure;
Gentiles the ancient Promiſe read,
And find his Truth endure.

8 "Thy Seed ſhall make all Nations bleſt,
(Said the Almighty Voice)
"And *Canaan*'s Land ſhall be their Reſt,
"The Type of heav'nly Joys."

9 How large the Grant! How rich the Grace,
To give them *Canaan*'s Land,
When they were Strangers in the Place,
A little feeble Band.

10 Like Pilgrims through the Countries round,
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty Kings that on them frown'd,
Severely He reprov'd.

11 "Touch mine Anointed, and my Arm
"Shall soon revenge the Wrong;
"The Man that does my Prophets Harm,
"Shall know their GOD is strong."

12 Then let the World forbear its Rage,
Nor put the Church in Fear:
Israel must live through ev'ry Age,
And be th' Almighty's Care.

PART III.

13 THUS were the Tribes from Bondage brought,
And left the hated Ground;
Each some *Egyptian* Spoils had got,
And not One feeble found.

14 The LORD himself chose out their Way,
And mark'd their Journeys right;
Gave them a leading Cloud by Day,
A fiery Guide by Night.

15 They thirst; and Waters from the Rock
In rich Abundance flow;
And following still the Course they took,
Ran all the Desert through.

16 O wond'rous Stream! O bleſſed Type
Of ever-flowing Grace!
So CHRIST our ROCK maintains our Life,
Through all this Wilderneſs.

17 Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand,
The choſen Tribes poſſeſt
Canaan the rich, the promis'd Land,
And there enjoy'd their Reſt.

18 Then let the World forbear its Rage,
The Church renounce her Fear;
Iſrael muſt live through ev'ry Age,
And be th' Almighty's Care.

PSALM CVI. Metre i.

1 O RENDER Thanks to GOD above,
The Fountain of eternal Love,
Whoſe Mercy firm through Ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

2 Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs!
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs!
What mortal Eloquence can raiſe
His Tribute of immortal Praiſe!

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray,
Who know what's right, not only ſo,
But always practiſe what they know.

4 Extend to me that Favour, LORD,
Thou to thy Choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy Salvation viſit me.

5 O! may I worthy prove to see
Thy Saints in full Prosperity!
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.

PSALM CVI. Metre ii.

1 LET Songs of Joy to GOD ascend,
Whose Love no Limit knows nor End;
But O, what Tongue in equal Lay
His Acts can speak, his Praise display?
Thrice happy who with stedfast Will
The Dictates of his Law fulfil!

2 O grant me, with thy Flock, to prove
The Pow'r of thy redeeming Love;
And while thy Mercy on our Heads
The Fulness of its Blessing sheds,
With them th' accepted Hymn to sing
To Thee, my SAVIOUR and my KING.

3 Too faithful followers of our Sires,
Our Life with theirs, great GOD, conspires
Thy Wrath on this our Realm to call,
And teach thy Terrors here to fall;
Where soon Oblivion can efface
Each Act of thy stupendous Grace.

4 Yet, still our FATHER, still our FRIEND,
To *Israel*'s Voice, great GOD, attend;
That *Sion* with delighted Ear
The hallow'd Strains again may hear:
Thy Name the Subject of each Song,
Thy Praise the Boast of ev'ry Tongue.

5 O, thankful, hail th' Almighty LORD,
The GOD, by *Jacob*'s Sons ador'd:
To Him through endleſs Ages raiſe
One Song of oft-repeated Praiſe:
And let conſenting Nations join
To bleſs, with us, the Name divine.

PSALM CVII.

1 TO GOD above from All below
Let Hymns of Praiſe aſcend;
Whoſe Bleſſings unexhauſted flow,
Whoſe Mercy knows no End.

2 But chief by thoſe his Name be bleſt,
To whom his Aid He gave;
Beheld them by the Foe oppreſs'd,
And reach'd his Arm to ſave.

3 To Eaſt, to Weſt, to South, to North,
Condemn'd awhile to roam;
His Hand in Pity brought them forth,
And call'd the Wand'rers home.

4 Behold them o'er the Deſert ſtray,
A helpleſs, hopeleſs Train:
Some City where their Steps to ſtay
They ſeek, but ſeek in vain.

5 Ah! what ſhall cheer their fainting Mind,
Or what their Woes aſſuage,
To Thirſt's afflictive Pain conſign'd,
Or Famine's fierceſt Rage?

6 Diſtreſs'd, to GOD they make their Pray'r:
He guides, ſecures their Feet;
And, ſafe in his protecting Care,
They reach their deſtin'd Seat.

7 O then that All would bleſs his Name,
Whoſe Mercy thus they prove,
And, pleas'd, from Age to Age proclaim
The Wonders of his Love.

PART II.

8 WHO o'er the Waves from Shore to Shore
The Gifts of Commerce bear,
The Wonders of the Deep explore,
And own that GOD is there.

9 By theſe his Works are ſeen; his Ways
By theſe are underſtood;
He ſpeaks the Word; the Storm obeys,
And riſing lifts the Flood.

10 Now high as Heav'n the Bark aſcends,
Now ſeeks the Depth below:
Each Heart beneath the Terror bends,
And melts with inward Woe.

11 As gorg'd with Wine, in wild amaze
They reel from Side to Side:
Nor Hope ſurvives, their Souls to raiſe,
Nor Reaſon wakes to guide.

12 Diſtreſt, to GOD they make their Pray'r,
Obedient to his Will,
The Storms that rag'd, their Rage forbear,
The Seas that roar'd, are ſtill.

13 Joy now revives each anxious Mind;
They see their Labour o'er;
Then, led by Him, their Haven find,
And touch the wish'd-for Shore.

14 O then that All would bless his Name,
Whose Mercy thus they prove;
And, pleas'd, from Age to Age proclaim
The Wonders of his Love.

PART III.

15 GOD speaks; and lo, a burning Waste,
Where roll'd the Floods before;
And, touch'd by the descending Blast,
The Springs are seen no more.

16 Sad Witness of some dire Offence,
Behold the fertile Soil
No more its wonted Gifts dispense,
But mock the Tiller's Toil.

17 He bids; and o'er the Desert wide
The liquid Lake is spread:
New Springs the thirsty Earth divide,
And murm'ring lift the Head.

18 And now they sow the foodful Grain,
The tender Vine they rear;
Now waves the Harvest o'er the Plain,
And Plenty crowns the Year.

19 Anon, if, sunk with heaviest Woe,
They feel Oppression's Pow'r;
Though civil Rage, or conqu'ring Foe,
Their boasted Strength devour;

20 His Hand affords the wiſh'd Releaſe,
Collects their ſcatter'd Train;
And bids them like the Flocks increaſe
That fill the verdant Plain.

21 His Works attentive while it ſees,
The Heav'n-inſtructed Mind
Shall own how equal his Decrees,
His Providence how kind.

PSALM CVIII. Metre i.

1 O GOD, my Heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name;
My Tongue, with cheerful Songs of Praiſe,
Shall celebrate thy Fame.

2 Awake, my Lute, nor thou, my Harp,
Thy warbling Notes delay:
While I, with early Hymns of Joy,
Prevent the dawning Day.

3 To all the liſt'ning Tribes, O LORD,
Thy Wonders I will tell,
And to thoſe Nations ſing thy Praiſe
That round about us dwell.

4 Becauſe thy Mercy's boundleſs Height
The higheſt Heav'n tranſcends;
And far beyond th' aſpiring Clouds
Thy Faithfulneſs extends.

5 Be Thou, O GOD, exalted high
Above the ſtarry Frame;
And let the World, with one Conſent,
Confeſs thy glorious Name.

6 That all thy chosen People Thee
Their SAVIOUR may declare,
Let thy Right-Hand protect me still,
And answer Thou my Pray'r.

PSALM CVIII. Metre ii.

1 O GOD my Heart is fix'd, is bent,
Its thankful Tribute to present;
And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise
To Thee, my GOD, in Songs of Praise.

2 Awake my Glory,—Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.

3 Thy Praises, LORD, I will resound
To all the list'ning Nations round;
Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends,
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.

4 Be Thou, O GOD, exalted high,
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth display'd,
Till Thou art here as there obey'd.

PSALM CIX.

1 GOD of my Mercy and my Praise,
Thy Glory is my Song;
Though Sinners speak against thy Grace
With a blaspheming Tongue.

2 When in the Form of mortal Man
Thy SON on Earth was found,
With cruel Slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their Mis'ries his Compaſſion move,
Their Peace He ſtill purſu'd;
They render Hatred for his Love,
And Evil for his Good.

4 Their Malice rag'd without a Cauſe;
Yet, with his dying Breath,
He pray'd for Murd'rers on his Croſs,
And bleſs'd his Foes in Death.

5 LORD, ſhall thy bright Example ſhine
In vain, before my Eyes?
Give me a Soul akin to Thine,
To love mine Enemies.

6 The LORD ſhall on my Side engage,
And in my SAVIOUR's Name
I ſhall defeat their Pride and Rage,
Who ſlander and condemn.

PSALM CX. Metre i.

1 JESUS, our LORD, aſcend thy Throne,
And near the FATHER ſit;
In *Zion* ſhall thy Pow'r be known,
And make thy Foes ſubmit.

2 What Wonders ſhall thy Goſpel do!
Thy Converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The num'rous Drops of Morning-Dew,
And own thy ſov'reign Grace.

3 GOD hath pronounc'd a firm Decree,
Nor changes what He ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy Prieſthood be,
"When *Aaron* is no more.

4 "*Melchisedec*, that wond'rous *Priest*,
"That King of high Degree,
"That holy Man who *Abr'ham* blest,
"Was but a Type of Thee."

5 JESUS our PRIEST for ever lives
To plead for us above;
JESUS our KING for ever gives
The Blessings of his Love.

6 GOD shall exalt his glorious Head,
And his high Throne maintain;
Shall strike the Pow'rs and Princes dead,
Who dare oppose his Reign.

PSALM CX. Metre ii.

1 THUS the eternal FATHER spake
To CHRIST the SON, "Ascend and sit
"At my Right-Hand, till I shall make
"Thy Foes submissive at thy Feet.

2 "From *Zion* shall thy Word proceed;
"Thy Word, the Sceptre in thy Hand,
"Shall make the Hearts of Rebels bleed,
"And bow their Wills to thy Command.

3 "That Day shall shew thy Pow'r is great
"When Saints shall flock with willing Minds,
"And Sinners crowd thy Temple-Gate,
"Where Holiness in Beauty shines."

4 O blessed Pow'r! O glorious Day!
What a large Vict'ry shall ensue!
And Converts who thy Grace obey
Exceed the Drops of Morning-Dew.

PART II.

5 THUS the great LORD of Earth and Sea
Spake to his SON, and thus He ſwore;
" Eternal ſhall thy Prieſthood be,
" And change from Hand to Hand no more.

6 " *Aaron* and all his Sons muſt die,
" But everlaſting Life is Thine,
" To ſave for ever thoſe that fly
" For Refuge from the Wrath divine.

7 " By Me *Melchiſedec* was made
" On Earth a King and Prieſt at once;
" And Thou myheav'nly PRIEST ſhalt plead;
" And Thou, my KING, ſhaltrule my Sons."

8 JESUS the Prieſt aſcends his Throne,
While Counſels of eternal Peace,
Between the FATHER and the SON,
Proceed with Honour and Succeſs.

9 Thro' the whole Earth his Reign ſhall ſpread,
And cruſh the Pow'rs that dare rebel:
Then ſhall He judge the riſing Dead,
And ſend the guilty World to Hell.

10 Though while He treads his glorious Way,
He drinks the Cup of Tears and Blood,
The Suff'rings of that dreadful Day
Shall but advance Him near to GOD.

PSALM CXI. Metre i.

1 SONGS of immortal Praiſe belong
To my Almighty GOD;
He has my Heart, and He my Tongue,
To ſpread his Name abroad.

2 How great the Works his Hand has wrought!
How glorious in our Sight!
And Men in ev'ry Age have ſought
His Wonders with Delight.

3 How moſt exact is Nature's Frame!
How wiſe th' Eternal Mind!
His Counſels never change the Scheme
That his firſt Thoughts deſign'd.

4 When He redeem'd his choſen Sons,
He fix'd his Cov'nant ſure:
The Orders that his Lips pronounce,
To endleſs Years endure.

5 Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies,
Thy heav'nly Skill proclaim;
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe,
But learn to read thy Name?

6 To fear thy Pow'r, to truſt thy Grace,
Is our divineſt Skill;
And he's the wiſeſt of our Race
Who beſt obeys thy Will.

PART II.

7 GREAT is the LORD, his Works of Might
Demand our nobleſt Songs;
Let his aſſembled Saints unite
Their Harmony of Tongues.

8 Great is the Mercy of the LORD,
He gives his Children Food:
And ever mindful of his Word,
He makes his Promiſe good.

9 His SON, the great REDEEMER, came
To seal his Cov'nant sure:
Holy and rev'rend is his Name,
His Ways are just and pure.

10 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his Fear begin;
Our fairest Proof of Knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry Sin.

PSALM CXI. Metre ii.

1 MY Soul, with sacred Zeal inspir'd,
Shall wake to GOD the thankful Strain,
In secret with his Saints retir'd,
And 'midst fair *Sion*'s crowded Fane.

2 Great are his Works: with studious Aim
Each faithful Heart those Works has trac'd;
His Acts shall highest Honour claim,
His Righteousness for ever last.

3 His Wonders to the grateful Sense
In sweet Memorial stand confest:
For boundless Grace his Hands dispense,
And tend'rest Pity warms his Breast.

4 His Love, the Souls to him ally'd,
With Food of heav'nly Growth has fill'd,
Nor suffers from his Thoughts to slide
The Promise to his People seal'd.

5 Salvation from our GOD descends;
His Faith shall *Israel*'s Bliss ensure;
Majestic Awe his Name attends,
And Sanctity from Blemish pure.

6 His Fear th' obedient Heart refines,
And Wiſdom's Path to View diſplays:
In brighteſt Beams array'd it ſhines,
And prompts each Tongue to endleſs Praiſ

PSALM CXII.

1 THAT Man is bleſt who ſtands in Awe
Of GOD, and loves his ſacred Law:
His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd;
His Houſe, the Seat of Wealth, ſhall be
An unexhauſted Treaſury,
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown'd.

2 His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
A gen'rous Pity fills his Mind;
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs,
And thus he's juſt to all Mankind.

3 His Hands while they his Alms beſtow'd,
His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd:—
The ſweet Remembrance of the Juſt,
Like a green Root revives and bears
A Train of Bleſſings for his Heirs,
When dying Nature ſleeps in Duſt.

4 Beſet with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd the Juſt maintains his Ground;
His Conſcience holds his Courage up:
The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's Night,
And ſees in Darkneſs Beams of Hope.

5 Ill Tidings never can surprise
His Heart, that fix'd on GOD relies,
Tho' Waves and Tempests roar around:
Safe on the Rock he sits and sees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies,
And all their Hope and Glory drown'd.

6 The Wicked shall his Triumph see,
And gnash their Teeth in Agony,
To find their Expectations croſt:
They and their Envy, Pride, and Spite,
Sink down to everlasting Night,
And all their Names in Darkness lost.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE Saints and Servants of the LORD,
The Triumphs of his Name record,
His sacred Name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
Due Praise to his great Name address.

2 GOD through the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day
But Shadows of his Glory are:
With Him whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n in which He dwells,
Let no created Pow'r compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his State to view
In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet He to Earth vouchsafes his Care:
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

4 When childleſs Families deſpair,
He ſends the Bleſſing of an Heir,
To reſcue their expiring Name:
The Mother, with a thankful Voice,
Proclaims his Praiſes and her Joys:—
Let ev'ry Age advance his Fame.

PSALM CXIV. Metre i.

1 WHEN *Jacob*'s Sons through Paths unknown,
From *Egypt* took their Way,
In *Judah*'s Tribe his Preſence ſhone,
And *Iſrael* own'd his Sway.

2 Old Ocean ſaw them, as they came;
He ſaw, and backward fled:
Recoiling *Jordan* turn'd his Stream,
And ſought his Fountain-Head.

3 The Mountains feel the ſudden Shock;
As Rams, from off the Ground
They ſpring:—As Younglings of the Flock,
The Hills affrighted bound.

4 Thou Ocean, ſay, why, as they came,
Thy Billows backward fled?
And what, O *Jordan*, urg'd thy Stream
To ſeek its Fountain-Head?

5 Ye Mountains, whence the ſudden Shock?
Why leap ye from the Ground
As Rams?—As Younglings of the Flock,
Say why, O Hills, ye bound?

6 Earth tremble on! well may'ſt Thou fear
Thy MAKER's Face to ſee;
When *Jacob*'s awful GOD draws near,
'Tis Time for Earth to flee.

7 That GOD, beneath whoſe potent Stroke
The Flint a Torrent gave;
Who ſpake;—and from the yielding Rock
Guſh'd forth the bidden Wave.

PSALM CXIV. Metre ii.

1 WHEN *Iſrael*, freed from *Pharaoh*'s Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with cheerful Homage own
Their KING, and *Judah* was his Throne.

2 Acroſs the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them Way:
Jordan beheld their March, and fled,
With backward Current, to his Head.

3 The Mountains ſhook like frighted Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not *Sinai* on her Baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign Pow'r at hand.

4 What Pow'r could make the Deep divide?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels?

5 Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching GOD,
The KING of *Iſrael*; ſee him here!
Tremble, thou Earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all Nature mourns,
The Rock to ſtanding Pools He turns:
Flints ſpring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confeſs the LORD.

PSALM CXV.

1 NOT to ourſelves, who are but Duſt,
Not to ourſelves is Glory due,
Eternal GOD, Thou only Juſt,
Thou only Gracious, Wiſe, and True.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name!
Why ſhould a *Heathen*'s haughty Tongue
Inſult us, and to raiſe our Shame,
Say, "Where's the GOD you've ſerv'd ſo long?"

3 The GOD we ſerve maintains his Throne
Above the Clouds beyond the Skies;
Through all the Earth his Will is done,
He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.

4 But the vain Idols they adore
Are ſenſeleſs Shapes of Stone and Wood;
At beſt a Maſs of glitt'ring Ore,
A ſilver *Saint*, or golden *God*.

5 With Eyes and Ears, they carve their Head;
Deaf are their Ears, their Eyes are blind;
In vain are coſtly Off'rings made,
And Vows are ſcatter'd in the Wind.

6 Their Feet were never made to move,
Nor Hands to ſave when Mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them Fear or Love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.

7 O *Iſrael*, make the LORD thy Hope,
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Reſt;
The LORD ſhall build thy Ruins up,
And bleſs the People and the Prieſt.

8 The Dead no more can ſpeak thy Praiſe,
They dwell in Silence and the Grave;
But we ſhall live to ſing thy Grace,
And tell the World thy Pow'r to ſave.

PSALM CXVI.

1 I LOVE the LORD: He heard my Cries,
And pity'd ev'ry Groan;
Long as I live, when Troubles riſe,
I'll haſten to his Throne.

2 I love the LORD: He bow'd his Ear,
And chas'd my Griefs away:
O let my Heart no more deſpair,
While I have Breath to pray!

3 My Fleſh declin'd, my Spirits fell,
And I drew near the Dead:
While inward Pangs and Fears of Hell
Perplex'd my wakeful Head.

4 "My GOD, I cry'd, thy Servant ſave,
"Thou ever Good and Juſt;
"Thy Pow'r can reſcue from the Grave;
"Thy Pow'r is all my Truſt."

5 The LORD beheld me ſore diſtreſt;
He bids my Pains remove:
Return, my Soul, to GOD thy Reſt,
For thou haſt known his Love.

6 My GOD hath fav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears:
Now to his Praiſe I'll ſpend my Breath,
And my remaining Years.

PART II.

7 WHAT ſhall I render, O my GOD,
For all thy Kindneſs ſhown?
My Feet ſhall viſit thine Abode,
My Songs addreſs thy Throne.

8 Among the Saints that fill thine Houſe
My Off'rings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my Zeal perform the Vows
My Soul in Anguiſh made.

9 How much is Mercy thy Delight,
Thou ever-bleſſed GOD!
How dear thy Servants in thy Sight!
How precious is their Blood!

10 How happy all thy Servants are!
How great thy Grace to me!
My Life, which Thou haſt made thy Care,
LORD, I devote to Thee.

11 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Nor ſhall my Purpoſe move;
Thy Hands hath loos'd my Bands of Pain,
And bound me with thy Love.

12 Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
And thy rich Grace record;
Witneſs, ye Saints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the LORD.

PSALM CXVII. Metre i.

1 THY Name, Almighty LORD,
Shall ſound through diſtant Lands:
Great is thy Grace, and ſure thy Word;
Thy Truth for ever ſtands.

2 Far be thine Honour ſpread,
And long thy Praiſe endure,
Till Morning-Light and Ev'ning Shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVII. Metre ii.

1 PRAISE the LORD, with hallow'd Mirth,
Ev'ry Nation, Tribe, and Tongue;
Chriſtians, militant on Earth,
Let your SAVIOUR's Praiſe be ſung.

2 See his Mercy o'er our Land
Spread its ever-healing Wing;
And his Truth through Ages ſtand;
Praiſe, O praiſe, th' eternal KING.

PSALM CXVII. Metre iii.

1 FROM All that dwell below the Skies
Let the CREATOR's Praiſe ariſe:
Let the REDEEMER's Name be ſung
Through ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

2 Eternal are thy Mercies, LORD;
Eternal Truth attends thy Word;
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound from Shore to Shore,
Till Suns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

PSALM CXVIII. Metre i.

1 SEE what a living Stone
The Builders did refuſe;
Yet GOD hath built his Church thereon,
In ſpite of envious *Jews*.

2 The Scribe and angry Prieſt
Reject thine only SON;
Yet on this ROCK ſhall *Zion* reſt,
As the chief Corner-Stone.

3 The Work, O LORD, is Thine,
And wond'rous in our Eyes:
This Day declares it all divine,
This Day did JESUS riſe.

4 This is the glorious Day
That our REDEEMER made;
Let us rejoice, and ſing, and pray,
Let all the Church be glad.

5 *Hoſannah* to the KING
Of *David*'s royal Blood;
Bleſs Him, ye Saints: He comes to bring
Salvation from your GOD.

6 We bleſs thine holy Word,
Which all this Grace diſplays;
And offer on thine Altar, LORD,
Our Sacrifice of Praiſe.

PSALM CXVIII. Metre ii.

1 THE LORD appears my Helper now,
Nor is my Faith afraid
Of what the Sons of Earth can do,
Since Heav'n affords its Aid.

2 'Tis safer, LORD, to hope in Thee,
And have my GOD my Friend,
Than trust in Men of high Degree,
And on their Truth depend.

3 Like Bees my Foes beset me round,
A large and angry Swarm;
But I shall all their Rage confound,
By thine Almighty-Arm.

4 'Tis through the LORD my Heart is strong,
In Him my Lips rejoice;
While his Salvation is my Song,
How cheerful is my Voice!

5 Like angry Bees they girt me round;
When GOD appears they fly;
So burning Thorns with crackling Sound,
Make a fierce Blaze and die.

6 Joy to the Saints and Peace belongs;
The LORD protects their Days:
Let *Israel* tune immortal Songs
To his Almighty Grace.

PART II.

7 LORD, thou hast heard thy Servant cry,
And rescu'd from the Grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die,
If GOD resolve to save.)

8 Thy Praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily Breath;
Thy Hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from Death.

9 Open the Gates of *Zion* now,
For we ſhall worſhip there,
The Houſe where all the Righteous go
Thy Mercy to declare.

10 Among th' Aſſemblies of thy Saints
Our thankful Voice we raiſe;
There we have told Thee our Complaints,
And there we ſpeak thy Praiſe.

PART III.

11 BEHOLD the ſure Foundation-Stone
Which GOD in *Zion* lays,
To build our heav'nly Hopes upon,
And his eternal Praiſe.

12 Choſen of GOD, to Sinners dear,
And Saints adore the Name;
They truſt their whole Salvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer Shame.

13 The fooliſh Builders, *Scribe* and *Prieſt*,
Reject it with Diſdain;
Yet on this ROCK the Church ſhall reſt,
And Envy rage in vain.

14 What though the Gates of Hell withſtood,
Yet muſt this Building riſe;
'Tis thy own Work, Almighty GOD,
And wond'rous in our Eyes.

PART IV.

15 THIS is the Day the LORD hath made,
He calls the Hours his own;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praiſe ſurround the Throne.

16 To-day He rose and left the Dead,
And *Satan*'s Empire fell;
To-day the Saints his Triumph spread,
And all his Wonders tell.

17 *Hosannah* to th' anointed KING,
To *David*'s holy SON!
Help us, O LORD! descend and bring
Salvation from thy Throne.

18 Blest be the LORD, who comes to Men
With Messages of Grace:
Who comes in GOD his Father's Name,
To save our sinful Race.

19 *Hosannah* in the highest Strains
The Church on Earth can raise!
The highest Heav'ns, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler Praise.

PSALM CXVIII. Metre iii.

1 LIFT your Voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heav'nly KING;
For his Mercies far extend,
And his Bounty knows no End.
Israel, thy CREATOR bless,
And with joyful Tongue confess
That his Mercies far extend,
And his Bounty knows no End.

2 HE my Strength, and HE my Song,
Lo! my Days I yet prolong,
And each hostile Force o'erthrown,
HIM my great Salvation own:

Shouts of Health, and Hymns of Praise,
Wisdom's faithful Follow'rs raise,—
"O how strong the Hand divine!
"O what Wonders, LORD, are thine!"

3 Ope the Gates of Righteousness,
Let me, favour'd with Access,
Bless my great DELIV'RER's Name,
And his boundless Love proclaim:—
Thee the GOD inthron'd above,
Thee my Lips shall sing, whose Love
To my Voice Attention gave,
Swift to hear, and strong to save.

4 See the Stone, that, cast aside
By the Builders' erring Pride,
In the Dome assumes its Place,
Own'd the Angel's noblest Grace;
Thou the Work, great GOD, hast wrought;
In its Scenes our wond'ring Thought
Joys thy Clemency to trace,
Seal'd to *Jacob*'s favour'd Race.

5 Save, O save, eternal LORD,
Now thy prosp'ring Aid afford;
Let thy fav'ring Beams arise
To thy People's longing Eyes:—
Lift your Voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heav'nly KING;
For his Mercies far extend,
And his Bounty knows no End.

PSALM CXVIII. Metre iv.

1 LO! what a glorious Corner-Stone
The *Jewiſh* Builders did refuſe;
But GOD hath built his Church thereon,
In ſpite of Envy and the *Jews*.

2 Great GOD, the Work is all divine,
The Joy and Wonder of our Eyes;
This is the Day that proves it Thine,
The Day that ſaw our SAVIOUR riſe.

3 Sinners rejoice, and Saints be glad;
Hoſannah! let his Name be bleſt;
A thouſand Honours on his Head,
With Peace, and Light, and Glory reſt.

4 In GOD's own Name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying Race;
Let the whole Church addreſs their KING
With Hearts of Joy, and Songs of Praiſe.

PSALM CXIX.

1 BLEST are the undefil'd in Heart,
Whoſe Ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy Law depart,
But fly from ev'ry Sin.

2 Bleſt are the Men that keep thy Word,
And practiſe thy Commands;
With their whole Heart they ſeek the LORD,
And ſerve Thee with their Hands.

3 Great is their Peace who love thy Law;
How firm their Souls abide!
Nor can a bold Temptation draw
Their ſteady Feet aſide.

4 Then ſhall my Heart have inward Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame,
When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.

5 But haughty Sinners GOD will hate,
The Proud ſhall die accurſt;
The Sons of Falſehood and Deceit
Are trodden to the Duſt.

6 Vile as the Droſs the Wicked are:
And thoſe who leave thy Ways
Shall ſee Salvation from afar,
But never taſte thy Grace.

PART II.

1 TO Thee before the dawning Light,
My gracious GOD, I pray;
I meditate thy Name by Night,
And keep thy Law by Day.

2 My Spirit faints to ſee thy Grace,
Thy Promiſe bears me up;
And while Salvation long delays,
Thy Word ſupports my Hope.

3 Seven Times a Day I lift my Hands,
And pay my Thanks to Thee;
Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated Praiſe from me.

4 When Midnight-Darkneſs veils the Skies,
I call thy Works to Mind;
My Thoughts in warm Devotion riſe,
And ſweet Acceptance find.

PART III.

1 THOU art my Portion, O my GOD!
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes haſte t'obey thy Word,
And ſuffers no Delay.

2 I chooſe the Path of heav'nly Truth,
And glory in my Choice;
Not all the Riches of the Earth
Could make me ſo rejoice.

3 The Teſtimonies of thy Grace,
I ſet before my Eyes:
Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy Path,
I think upon my Ways:
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
And truſt thy pard'ning Grace.

5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
O ſave thy Servant, LORD;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-Place,
My Hope is in thy Word.

6 Thou haſt inclin'd this Heart of mine
Thy Statutes to fulfil:
And thus till mortal Life ſhall end
Would I perform thy Will.

PART IV.

1 HOW ſhall the Young ſecure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choiceſt Rules imparts,
To keep the Conſcience clean.

2 When once it enters to the Mind,
  It ſpreads ſuch Light abroad,
The meaneſt Souls Inſtruction find,
  And raiſe their Thoughts to GOD.

3 'Tis like the *Sun*, a heav'nly Light,
  That guides us all the Day;
And through the Dangers of the Night,
  A *Lamp* to lead our Way.

4 The ſtarry Heav'ns thy Rule obey;
  The Earth maintains her Place,
And theſe thy Servants Night and Day
  Thy Skill and Pow'r expreſs.

5 But ſtill thy Law and Goſpel, LORD,
  Have Leſſons more divine:
Not Earth ſtands firmer than thy Word,
  Nor Stars ſo nobly ſhine.

6 Thy Word is everlaſting Truth,
  How pure is ev'ry Page!
That holy Book ſhall guide our Youth,
  And well ſupport our Age.

PART V.

1 O HOW I love thy holy Law;
  'Tis daily my Delight;
And thence my Meditations draw
  Divine Advice by Night.

2 My waking Eyes prevent the Day,
  To meditate thy Word:
My Soul with Longing melts away
  To hear thy Goſpel, LORD.

3 How doth thy Word my Heart engage!
How well employ my Tongue!
And in my tireſome Pilgrimage
Yields me a heav'nly Song.

4 Am I a Stranger, or at Home,
'Tis my perpetual Feaſt;
Not Honey dropping from the Comb,
So much allures the Taſte.

5 No Treaſures ſo enrich the Mind;
Nor ſhall thy Word be ſold
For Loads of Silver well refin'd,
Nor Heaps of choiceſt Gold.

6 When Nature ſinks, and Spirits droop,
Thy Promiſes of Grace
Are Pillars to ſupport my Hope,
And there I write thy Praiſe.

PART VI.

1 LORD, I eſteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes juſt;
Thence I maintain a conſtant Fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring Luſt.

2 Thy Precepts often I ſurvey;
I keep thy Law in Sight,
Through all the Buſineſs of the Day,
To form my Actions right.

3 My Heart in Midnight-Silence cries,
"How ſweet thy Comforts be!"
My Thoughts in holy Wonder riſe,
And bring their Thanks to Thee.

4 And when my Spirit drinks her Fill
At ſome good Word of Thine,
Not mighty Men that ſhare the Spoil
Have Joys compar'd to mine.

PART VII.

1 I'VE ſeen an End of what we call
Perfection here below;
How ſhort the Pow'rs of Nature fall,
And can no farther go.

2 Yet Men would fain be juſt with GOD,
By Works their Hands have wrought;
But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry Thought.

3 In vain we boaſt Perfection here,
While Sin defiles our Frame;
And ſinks our Virtues down ſo far,
They ſcarce deſerve the Name.

4 Our Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace,
Fall far below thy Word;
But perfect Truth and Righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the LORD.

PART VIII.

1 LORD, I have made thy Word my Choice,
My laſting Heritage;
There ſhall my nobleſt Pow'rs rejoice,
My warmeſt Thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the Hiſt'ries of thy Love,
And keep thy Laws in Sight,
While through the Promiſes I rove,
With ever-freſh Delight.

3 'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
Where Springs of Life arise,
Seeds of immortal Bliss are sown,
And hidden Glory lies.

4 The best Relief that Mourners have;
It makes our Sorrows blest;
Our fairest Hope beyond the Grave,
And our eternal Rest.

PART IX.

1 THY Mercies fill the Earth, O LORD,
How good thy Works appear!
Open my Eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.

2 Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid,
But mark the Road my Feet should go,
And be my constant Guide.

3 When I confess'd my wand'ring Ways,
Thou heard'st my Soul complain;
Grant me the Teachings of thy Grace,
Or I shall stray again.

4 This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief;
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.

5 In vain the Proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy Law,
Nor let that blessed Gospel go,
Whence all my Hopes I draw.

6 When I have learn'd my FATHER's Will,
I'll teach the World his Ways;
My thankful Lips, inſpir'd with Zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his Praiſe.

PART X.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting Servant, LORD,
Devoted to thy Fear;
Remember and confirm thy Word,
For all my Hopes are there.

2 Haſt thou not writ Salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning Grace?
Doth not my Heart addreſs thy Throne?
And yet thy Love delays.

3 Mine Eyes for thy Salvation fail;
O bear thy Servant up;
Nor let the ſcoffing Lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my Hope.

4 Didſt Thou not raiſe my Faith, O LORD?
Then let thy Truth appear:
Saints ſhall rejoice in my Reward,
And truſt as well as fear.

PART XI.

1 O THAT the LORD would guide my Ways
To keep his Statutes ſtill!
O that my GOD would grant me Grace,
To know and do his Will!

2 O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy Law upon my Heart!
Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
Nor act the Liar's Part.

3 From Vanity turn off my Eyes;
Let no corrupt Design,
Nor covetous Desires, arise
Within this Soul of mine.

4 Order my Footsteps by thy Word,
And make my Heart sincere;
Let Sin have no Dominion, LORD,
But keep my Conscience clear.

5 My Soul hath gone too far astray;
My Feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy Way,
Restore thy wand'ring Sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy Commands,
'Tis a delightful Road;
Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands,
Offend against my GOD.

PART XII.

1 MY GOD consider my Distress,
Let Mercy plead my Cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy Grace,
I can't forget thy Laws.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp Reproach
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my Life, uphold my Hopes,
Nor let my Shame appear.

3 Be Thou a Surety, LORD, for me,
Nor let the Proud oppress;
But make thy waiting Servant see
The Shinings of thy Face.

4 My Eyes with Expectation fail,
My Heart within me cries,
"When will the LORD his Truth fulfil,
"And make my Comforts rise?"

5 Look down upon my Sorrows, LORD,
And shew thy Grace the same
As Thou art ever wont t' afford
To those that love thy Name.

PART XIII.

1 WITH my whole Heart I've sought thy Face,
O let me never stray
From thy Commands, O GOD of Grace,
Nor tread the Sinner's Way.

2 Thy Word I've hid within my Heart,
To keep my Conscience clean;
And be an everlasting Guard
From ev'ry rising Sin.

3 I'm a Companion of the Saints,
Who fear and love the LORD;
My Sorrows rise, my Nature faints,
When Men transgress thy Word.

4 While Sinners do thy Gospel wrong,
My Spirit stands in Awe;
My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,
But loves thy righteous Law.

5 My Heart with sacred Rev'rence hears
The Threat'nings of thy Word:
My Flesh with holy Trembling fears
The Judgments of the LORD.

6 My GOD, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy Salvation ſtill:
While thy whole Law is my Delight,
And I obey thy Will.

PART XIV.

1 CONSIDER all my Sorrows, LORD,
And thy Deliv'rance ſend;
My Soul for thy Salvation faints;
When will my Troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my FATHER's Rod:
Afflictions make me learn thy Law,
And live upon my GOD.

3 This is the Comfort I enjoy
When new Diſtreſs begins;
I read thy Word, I run thy Way,
And hate my former Sins.

4 Had not thy Word been my Delight,
When earthly Joys were fled,
My Soul, oppreſs'd with Sorrow's Weight,
Had ſunk amongſt the Dead.

5 I know thy Judgments, LORD, are right,
Though they may ſeem ſevere:
The ſharpeſt Suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful Care.

6 Before I knew thy chaſt'ning Rod,
My Feet were apt to ſtray;
But now I learn to keep thy Word,
Nor wander from thy Way.

PART XV.

1 O THAT thy Statutes ev'ry Hour
Might dwell upon my Mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning Pow'r,
And daily Peace I find.

2 To meditate thy Precepts, LORD,
Shall be my ſweet Employ;
My Soul ſhall ne'er forget thy Word,
Thy Word is all my Joy.

3 How would I run in thy Commands,
If Thou my Heart diſcharge
From Sin and *Satan*'s hateful Chains,
And ſet my Feet at large!

4 My Lips with Courage ſhall declare
Thy Statutes and thy Name;
I'll ſpeak thy Word, tho' Kings ſhould hear,
Nor yield to ſinful Shame.

5 Let Bands of Perſecutors riſe
To rob me of my Right;
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lies,
Thy Law is my Delight.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked Race,
Whoſe Hands and Hearts are ill:
I love my GOD, I love his Ways,
And muſt obey his Will.

PART XVI.

1 MY Soul lies cleaving to the Duſt;
LORD, give me Life divine!
From vain Deſires and ev'ry Luſt
Turn off theſe Eyes of mine.

2 I need the Influence of thy Grace
To ſpeed me in thy Way,
Leſt I ſhould loiter in my Race,
Or turn my Feet aſtray.

3 When ſore Afflictions preſs me down,
I need thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
Thy Word that I have reſted on,
Shall help my heavieſt Hours.

4 Are not thy Mercies ſov'reign ſtill,
And Thou a faithful GOD?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer Zeal
To run the heav'nly Road?

5 Does not my Heart thy Precepts love,
And long to ſee thy Face?
And yet how ſlow my Spirits move,
Without enliv'ning Grace!

6 Then ſhall I love thy Goſpel more,
And ne'er forget thy Word,
When I have felt its quick'ning Pow'r
To draw me near the LORD.

PART XVII.

1 BLEST be thy Name, eternal LORD!
O write within my Mind thy Word;
Let me, inſtructed in thy Way,
The Wonders of thy Grace ſurvey.

2 What Streams of pureſt Knowledge yield
Thy Words in full Diſplay reveal'd!
By theſe the Souls, untaught before,
To Heights of heav'nly Science ſoar.

3 With sacred Thirst my Bosom burn'd,
To Thee my op'ning Mouth I turn'd,
And from thy Precept wise and true
Its life-imparting Spirit drew.

4 How had I perish'd 'midst my Woes,
But that within my Bosom rose
The Joys which thy Instruction yield,
And each invading Grief dispell'd!

5 O let my Soul, to Life restor'd,
Thy Love in lasting Hymns record;
While o'er my Head its Beams shall shine,
And make thy great Salvation mine.

PART XVIII.

1 MY Heart's best Portion, LORD, art Thou,
To thee my Thoughts Obedience vow;
Thy faithful Hand each Woe I feel
Inflicts,—and wounds me but to heal.

2 Low in the Dust my Soul is laid,
O reach me, LORD, thy promis'd Aid;
Let thy good Spirit to my Heart
His life-sustaining Pow'r impart.

3 Behold me, absent from my Home,
Through Life's wild Maze a Pilgrim roam:
Friend of the Helpless! near me stand,
And save me from th' Oppressor's Hand.

4 Ere yet the Dawn has streak'd the Sky,
GOD of my Strength, to Thee I cry;
Let thy Compassion, while I pray,
My Night illumine, guide my Day.

5 Thy Counſels on my Thought impreſt,
Shall ſooth to Peace my troubled Breaſt;
Theſe, LORD, I'll keep, and fix'd, decree
To ſhun each Path that leads from Thee.

PART XIX.

1 SAFE on thy Word my Truſt I build,
O Thou my REFUGE and my SHIELD:
My Hope (nor ſhall that Hope be vain)
Thy ſacred Promiſes ſuſtain.

2 Theſe, my beſt Wealth, my treaſur'd Store,
I keep, and view them o'er and o'er:
Theſe Heav'n-ward lift my thoughtful Soul,
When Night's dark Shades inveſt the Pole.

3 My Hands on thy Commands ſhall wait,
On thy pure Words I'll meditate,
Which ſweeter on my Palate dwell
Than Honey dropping from its Cell.

4 Long as within this Houſe of Clay
My State of Pilgrimage I ſtay,
Thy Statutes are my Song;—thy Name
Wakes in my Breaſt the holy Flame.

5 O turn from Vanity mine Eye,
To me thy quick'ning Strength ſupply;
Redeem from Error's Growth my Mind,
Nor leave one baleful Root behind.

PART XX.

1 FATHER, I bleſs thy gentle Hand;
How kind was thy chaſtiſing Rod,
That forc'd my Conſcience to a Stand,
And brought my wand'ring Soul to GOD!

2 Fooliſh and vain I went aſtray,
Ere I had felt thy Scourges, LORD;
I left my Guide, and loſt my Way!
But now I love and keep thy Word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,
For Pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my FATHER's Stroke
That I might learn his Statutes well.

4 The Law that iſſues from thy Mouth
Shall raiſe my cheerful Paſſions more
Than all the Treaſures of the *South*,
Or *Weſtern* Hills of golden Ore.

5 Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,
Thy SPIRIT form'd my Soul within;
Teach me to know thy wond'rous Name,
And guard me ſafe from Death and Sin.

6 Then all that love and fear the LORD
At my Salvation ſhall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy Word,
And made thy Grace my only Choice.

PSALM CXX.

1 TO GOD I cry'd, with Anguiſh ſtung,
Nor form'd a fruitleſs Pray'r,—
"O ſave me from the lying Tongue,
"And Lips that would enſnare!"

2 Thou Child of Guilt to Falſehood bred,
Say, what ſhall be thine End?
See keeneſt Arrows o'er thy Head,
And quenchleſs Coals, impend.

3 Ah! Woe is Me, to *Meſech*'s Seat
And *Kedar*'s Tents confin'd;
Perpetual Inſult doom'd to meet
From Men of reſtleſs Mind.

4 When Offers mild of Peace I make,
And friendlieſt Terms prepare;
My Words their ſlumb'ring Rage awake,
And arm them for the War.

PSALM CXXI. Metre i.

1 LO! from the Hills my Help deſcends;
To them I lift mine Eyes:
My Strength on Him alone depends,
Who form'd the Earth and Skies.

2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids thy Feet to ſlide;
Nor Sleep nor Slumber ſeals the Eye
Of *Iſrael*'s Guard and Guide.

3 He, at thy Hand, array'd in Might,
His Shield ſhall o'er thee ſpread:
Nor Sun by Day, nor Moon by Night,
Shall hurt thy favour'd Head.

4 Safe ſhalt thou go, and ſafe return,
While he thy Life defends;
Whoſe Eyes thy ev'ry Step diſcern,
Whoſe Mercy never ends.

PSALM CXXI. Metre ii.

1 UP to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
Th' eternal Hills beyond the Skies;
Thence all her Help my Soul derives;
There my Almighty REFUGE lives.

2 He lives. the everlasting GOD,
That built the World, that spread the Flood,
The Heav'ns with all their Host He made,
And the dark Regions of the Dead.

3 He guides our Feet, He guards our Way;
His Morning-Smiles bless all the Day:
He spreads the Ev'ning-Veil, and keeps
The silent Hours while *Israel* sleeps.

4 *Israel*, a Name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy GUARDIAN's wakeful Eyes
Admit no Slumber nor Surprise.

5 No Sun shall smite thy Head by Day,
Nor the pale Moon with sickly Ray
Shall blast thy Couch;—no baleful Star
Dart his malignant Fire so far.

6 Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the LORD;—his heav'nly Care
Defends thy Life from ev'ry Snare.

PSALM CXXI. Metre iii.

1 UPWARD I lift mine Eyes;
From GOD is all my Aid;
The GOD that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made:

GOD is the Tow'r
To which I fly:
His Grace is nigh
In ev'ry Hour.

2 My Feet ſhall never ſlide,
Or fall in fatal Snares,
Since GOD, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my Fears:
Thoſe wakeful Eyes
That never ſleep,
Shall *Iſrael* keep,
When Dangers riſe.

3 No burning Heats by Day,
Nor Blaſts of Ev'ning Air,
Shall take my Health away,
If GOD be with me there:
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade,
To guard my Head
By Night or Noon.

4 Haſt Thou not giv'n thy Word
To ſave my Soul from Death?
And I can truſt my LORD
To keep my mortal Breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me Home.

PSALM CXXII. Metre i.

1 HOW did my Heart rejoice to hear
My Friends devoutly ſay,
"In *Zion* let us all appear,
"And keep the ſolemn Day!"

2 I love her Gates, I love the Road;
The Church, adorn'd with Grace,
Stands like a Palace built for GOD,
To ſhew his milder Face.

3 Up to her Courts with Joys unknown
The holy Tribes repair;
The SON of *David* holds his Throne,
And sits in Judgment there.

4 He hears our Praises and Complaints,
And while his awful Voice
Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred Place,
And Joy a constant Guest!
With holy Gifts and heav'nly Grace
Be her Attendants blest!

6 My Soul shall pray for *Zion* still,
While Life or Breath remains;
There my best Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There GOD my SAVIOUR reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Metre ii.

1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the People cry,
"Come, let us seek our GOD To-day:"
Yes, with a cheerful Zeal,
We haste to *Zion*'s Hill,
And there our Vows and Honours pay.

2 *Zion*, thrice happy Place!
Adorn'd with wond'rous Grace,
And Walls of Strength embrace thee round!
In thee our Tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful Sound.

3 There *David*'s greater Son
Hath fix'd his royal Throne,
He fits for Grace and Judgment there;
He bids the Saint be glad,
He makes the Sinner fad,
And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

4 May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait
To bleſs the Soul of ev'ry Gueſt;
The Man that ſeeks thy Peace,
And wiſhes thine Increaſe,
A thouſand Bleſſings on him reſt.

5 My Tongue repeats her Vows,
"Peace to this ſacred Houſe;"
For there my Friends and Kindred dwell;
And ſince my glorious GOD
Makes thee his bleſt Abode,
My Soul ſhall ever love thee well.

PSALM CXXIII.

1 O THOU whoſe Grace and Juſtice reign,
Enthron'd above the Skies,
To Thee our Hearts would tell their Pain,
To Thee we lift our Eyes.

2 As Servants watch their Maſter's Hand,
And fear the angry Stroke;
Or Maids before their Miſtreſs ſtand,
And wait a peaceful Look:

3 So for our Sins we juſtly feel
Thy Diſcipline, O GOD,
Yet wait the gracious Moment ſtill,
Till Thou remove thy Rod.

4 Thoſe that in Wealth and Pleaſure live,
Our daily Groans deride,
And thy Delays of Mercy give
Freſh Courage to their Pride.

5 Our Foes inſult us, but our Hope
In thy Compaſſion lies:
This Thought ſhall bear our Spirits up,
That GOD *will not deſpiſe.*

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the LORD, may *Iſrael* ſay,
Had not the LORD maintain'd our Side,
When Men, to make our Lives a Prey,
Roſe like the ſwelling of the Tide:

2 The ſwelling Tide had ſtopt our Breath,
So fiercely did the Waters roll;
We had been ſwallow'd deep in Death;
Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

3 We leap for Joy, we ſhout and ſing,
Who juſt eſcap'd the fatal Stroke:
So flies the Bird with cheerful Wing,
When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.

4 For ever bleſſed be the LORD,
Who broke the Fowler's curſed Snare,
Who ſav'd us from the murd'ring Sword,
And made our Lives and Souls his Care!

5 Our Help is in JEHOVAH's Name,
Who form'd the Earth and built the Skies:
He who upholds that wond'rous Frame,
Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Metre i.

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That reſt their Souls on GOD;
Firm as the Mount where *David* dwelt,
Or where the Ark abode.

2 As Mountains ſtood to guard
The City's ſacred Ground;
So GOD and his Almighty Love
Embrace his Saints around.

3 What though the FATHER's Rod
Drop a chaſtiſing Stroke,
Yet, leſt it wound their Souls too deep,
Its Fury ſhall be broke.

4 Deal gently, LORD, with thoſe
Whoſe Faith and pious Fear,
Whoſe Hope and Love, and ev'ry Grace
Proclaim their Hearts ſincere.

5 Nor ſhall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppreſs the Saint;
The GOD of *Iſrael* will ſupport
His Children, leſt they faint.

6 But if our ſlaviſh Fear
Will chooſe the Road to Hell,
We muſt expect our Portion there,
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

PSALM CXXV. Metre ii.

1 UNSHAKEN as the ſacred Hill,
And firm as Mountains be,
Firm as a Rock the Soul ſhall reſt
That leans, O LORD, on Thee.

2 Not Walls, nor Hills could guard so well
Old *Salem*'s happy Ground;
As those eternal Arms of Love
That ev'ry Saint surround.

3 While Tyrants are a smarting Scourge,
To drive them near to GOD,
Divine Compassion does allay
The Fury of the Rod.

4 Deal gently, LORD, with Souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright Gates of *Paradise*,
Where CHRIST their LORD is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked Ways
That the old Serpent drew,
The Wrath that drove him first to Hell,
Shall smite his Follow'rs too.

PSALM CXXVI. Metre i.

1 WHEN *Sion*'s GOD her Sons recall'd
From long Captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream
Of what we wish'd to see.

2 But soon in unaccustom'd Mirth
We did our Voice employ,
And sung our great RESTORER's Praise,
In thankful Hymns of Joy.

3 Our *Heathen*-Foes repining stood,
Yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the Work
Our GOD for us had done.

4 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous great,
Much more should we confess;
The LORD has done great Things, whereof
We reap the glad Success.

5 To us bring back the Remnant, LORD,
Of *Israel*'s captive Bands,
More welcome than refreshing Show'rs
To parch'd and thirsty Lands.

6 That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,
May see our Labours thrive,
Till finish'd with Success, to make
Our drooping Hearts revive.

7 Though he desponds that sows his Grain,
Yet doubtless he shall come,
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
The joyful Harvest home.

PSALM CXXVI. Metre ii.

1 WHEN GOD restor'd our captive State,
Joy was our Song, and Grace our Theme;
The Grace beyond our Hopes so great,
That Joy appear'd a painted Dream.

2 The Scoffer owns thy Hand, and pays
Unwilling Honours to thy Name;
While we with Pleasure shout thy Praise,
With cheerful Notes thy Love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal Fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With GOD we left our flowing Tears,
He makes our Joys like Rivers flow.

4 The Man, that in his furrow'd Field
His ſcatter'd Seed with Sadneſs leaves,
Will ſhout to ſee the Harveſt yield
A welcome Load of joyful Sheaves.

PSALM CXXVII. Metre i.

1 IF GOD to build the Houſe deny,
The Builders work in vain;
And Towns, without his wakeful Eye,
An uſeleſs Watch maintain.

2 Why riſe ye early, late take reſt,
And eat the Bread of Care?
The Balm of Sleep (his Gift confeſt)
His Children richly ſhare.

3 Know too thy Sons that round Thee ſtand,
A Gift by Him prepar'd:
Nor Arrows in the Giant's Hand
Can yield ſo ſure a Guard.

4 Bleſt who his Quiver ſtores with theſe:
When hoſtile Bands are near
His Gate, the Storm approaching ſees,
Yet ſees without a Fear.

PSALM CXXVII. Metre ii.

1 IF GOD ſucceed not, all the Coſt
And Pains to build the Houſe are loſt:
If GOD the City will not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may ſleep:

2 What though you riſe before the Sun,
And work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your Bread,
To ſhun that Poverty you dread:

3 'Tis all in vain, till GOD hath bleſt:
He can make rich, yet give us Reſt:
Children and Friends are Bleſſings too,
If GOD our Sov'reign make them ſo.

4 Happy the Man to whom He ſends
Obedient Children, faithful Friends;
How ſweet our daily Comforts prove,
When they are ſeaſon'd with his Love!

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 O HAPPY Man, whoſe Soul is fill'd
With Zeal and rev'rent Awe!
His Lips to GOD their Honours yield,
His Life adorns the Law.

2 A careful Providence ſhall ſtand,
And ever guard thy Head,
Shall on the Labours of thy Hand
Its kindly Bleſſings ſhed.

3 Thy Wife ſhall be a fruitful Vine;
Thy Children round thy Board,
Each like a Plant of Honour ſhine,
And learn to fear the LORD.

4 The LORD ſhall thy beſt Hopes fulfil,
For Months and Years to come;
The LORD who dwells on *Zion*'s Hill
Shall ſend thee Bleſſings Home.

5 This is the Man whoſe happy Eyes
Shall ſee his Houſe increaſe;
Shall ſee the ſinking Church ariſe,
Then leave the World in Peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 UP from my Youth, may *Iſrael* ſay,
Have I been nurs'd in Tears;
My Griefs were conſtant as the Day,
And tedious as the Years.

2 Up from my Youth I bore the Rage
Of all the Sons of Strife;
Oft they aſſail'd my riper Age,
But not deſtroy'd my Life.

3 Their cruel Plough had torn my Fleſh
With Furrows long and deep;
Hourly they vex'd my Wounds afreſh,
Nor let my Sorrows ſleep.

4 The LORD grew angry on his Throne,
And with impartial Eye
Meaſur'd the Miſchiefs they had done,
Then let his Arrows fly.

5 Thus ſhall the Men who hate the Saints
Be blaſted from the Sky;
Their Glory fades, their Courage faints,
And all their Projects die.

6 What though they flouriſh tall and fair,
They have no Root beneath;
Their Growth ſhall periſh in Deſpair,
And lie deſpis'd in Death.

7 So Corn, that on the Houſe-top ſtands,
No Hope of Harveſt gives;
The Reaper ne'er ſhall fill his Hands,
Nor Binder fold the Sheaves.

8 It springs and withers on the Place;
No Traveller bestows
A Word of Blessing on the Grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.

PSALM CXXX. Metre i.

1 FROM lowest Depths of Woe
To GOD I sent my Cry,
LORD, hear my supplicating Voice,
And graciously reply.

2 Should'st Thou severely judge,
Who can the Trial bear?
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy Fear.

3 My Soul with Patience waits
For Thee the living LORD:
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,
Thy never-failing Word.

4 My longing Eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning Ray;
More duly than the Morning-Watch,
To spy the dawning Day.

5 Let *Israel* trust in GOD,
No Bounds his Mercy knows,
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
Eternal Succour flows.

6 Whose friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse
And wash our Guilt away.

PSALM CXXX. Metre ii.

1 OUT of the Deeps of long Diſtreſs,
The Borders of Deſpair,
I ſent my Cries to ſeek thy Grace,
My Groans to move thine Ear.

2 Great GOD! ſhould thy ſeverer Eye
And thine impartial Hand,
Mark and revenge Iniquity,
No mortal Fleſh could ſtand.

3 But there are Pardons with my GOD,
For Crimes of high Degree;
Thy SON has bought them with his Blood,
To draw us near to Thee.

4 I wait for thy Salvation, LORD,
With ſtrong Deſires I wait;
My Soul, invited by thy Word,
Stands watching at thy Gate.

5 Juſt as the Guards that keep the Night
Long for the Morning-Skies,
Watch the firſt Beams of breaking Light,
And meet them with their Eyes:

6 So waits my Soul to ſee thy Grace;
And more intent than they,
Meets the firſt op'nings of thy Face,
And finds a brighter Day.

7 Then in the LORD let *Iſrael* truſt,
Let *Iſrael* ſeek his Face;
The LORD is good as well as juſt,
And plenteous in his Grace.

8 There's full Redemption at his Throne,
For Sinners long enſlav'd:
The great REDEEMER is his SON,
And *Iſrael* ſhall be ſav'd.

PSALM CXXX. Metre iii.

1 PLUNG'D in a dark and dire Abyſs,
Where Woes in dreadful Confluence roll,
I to the LORD, in Groans and Sighs,
Sent up the Anguiſh of my Soul.

2 O Thou, th' All-powerful, Good, and True,
My ROCK, my REFUGE, and my REST,
Vouchſafe to hear my fervent Pray'rs,
And grant, O grant me my Requeſt.

3 Should'ſt Thou thy Judgment-Seat aſcend,
And Men to thy Tribunal call,
Not one of all their Race could ſtand,
But Vengeance muſt o'erwhelm them All.

4 But, LORD, with Thee Forgiveneſs reigns,
Reigns with a wide, unbounded Sway,
That Sinners may revere thy Name,
And with Delight thy Laws obey.

PART II.

5 WITH Expectation warm and ſtrong,
My Spirit waits upon the LORD,
And in my Hours of dark Diſtreſs,
Hope caſts its Anchor on his Word.

6 As Centinels with longing Eyes
Watch the firſt Glimpſe of riſing Day;
So waits my Soul upon the LORD,
With outſtretch'd Wings to meet his Way.

7 Let *Iſrael* on his GOD rely
To cruſh his Foes, and ſooth his Pains:
Mercy is his ſupreme Delight,
And in a thouſand Bleſſings reigns.

8 He that was *Iſrael*'s GOD of old,
As *Iſrael*'s GOD will ſtill be known,
To ſave him from his Sins and Woes,
And guide and guard him as his own.

PSALM CXXXI. Metre i.

1 IS there Ambition in my Heart?
Search, gracious GOD, and ſee:
Or do I act a haughty Part?
LORD, I appeal to Thee!

2 I charge my Thoughts, be humble ſtill,
And all my Carriage mild,
Content, my FATHER, with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

3 The patient Soul, the lowly Mind,
Shall have a large Reward:
Let Saints in Sorrow lie reſign'd,
And truſt a faithful LORD.

PSALM CXXXI. Metre ii.

1 IS there in me a lofty Heart?
Meek SAVIOUR, Thou thy Grace impart;
Let no vain Pomp attract my View,
Nor Honour's Prize my Thoughts purſue.

2 Create in me Affections mild,
And form me humble as the Child,
That meek and ſilent ſinks to reſt,
Wean'd from the tender Parent's Breaſt.

3 O, kinder than that Parent, ſee
Thy MAKER, *Iſrael*, cheriſh thee:
To lateſt Times on Him depend,
Thy Guide, thy Guardian, and thy Friend.

PSALM CXXXII. Metre i.

1 ARISE, O KING of Grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy Reſt!
Lo! thy Church waits with longing Eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

2 Enter with all thy glorious Train,
Thy SPIRIT and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain,
Could no ſuch Grace afford.

3 Here, mighty GOD, accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the Proviſions of thy Houſe,
And fill thy Poor with Bread.

4 Here let the Son of *David* reign;
Let GOD's Anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Pow'r divine.

5 Here let Him hold a laſting Throne;
And as his Kingdom grows,
Freſh Honours ſhall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

PSALM CXXXII. Metre ii.

1 BEHOLD us, LORD, with willing Feet,
The Manſion of thy Preſence greet,
Each Heart inflam'd with grateful Zeal,
And proſtrate at thy Footſtool kneel.

2 Riſe, *Iſrael*'s FATHER, GOD and FRIEND!
Pleas'd to thy Place of Reſt aſcend;
THOU and thine ARK,—tremendous Shrine
Of Majeſty and Pow'r divine!

3 While Righteouſneſs thy Prieſts arrays,
O let thy Saints their thankful Lays
Prolong;—and in their SAVIOUR's Name
His purchas'd Favours humbly claim.

PART II.

4 THE GOD of *Jacob* choſe the Hill
Of *Zion* for his ancient Reſt;
And *Zion* is his Dwelling ſtill,
His Church is with his Preſence bleſt.

5 "Here will I fix my gracious Throne,
And reign for ever, ſaith the LORD;
Here ſhall my Pow'r and Love be known,
And Bleſſings ſhall attend my Word.

6 Here will I meet the hungry Poor,
And fill their Souls with living Bread:
Sinners that wait before my Door,
With ſweet Proviſion ſhall be fed.

7 Girded with Truth, and cloth'd with Grace,
My Prieſts, my Miniſters ſhall ſhine;
Not *Aaron* in his coſtly Dreſs
Made an Appearance ſo divine.

8 The Saints unable to contain
Their inward Joys, ſhall ſhout and ſing;
The Son of *David* here ſhall reign,
And *Zion* triumph in her KING.

9 JESUS ſhall ſee a num'rous Seed
Born here, t' uphold his glorious Name,
His Crown ſhall flouriſh on his Head,
While all his Foes are cloth'd with Shame."

PSALM CXXXIII. Metre i.

1 LO, what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree,
Brethren, whoſe cheerful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety!

2 When Streams of Love from CHRIST the Spring
Deſcend to ev'ry Soul;
And heav'nly Peace, with balmy Wing,
Shades and bedews the Whole:

3 'Tis like the Oil divinely ſweet
On *Aaron*'s rev'rend Head;
The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,
And o'er his Garments ſpread.

4 'Tis pleaſant as the Morning-Dews
That fall on *Sion*'s Hill,
Where GOD his mildeſt Glory ſhews,
And makes his Grace diſtil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Metre ii.

1 HOW pleaſant 'tis to ſee
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in his proper Station move;
And each fulfil his Part,
With ſympathizing Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!

2 'Tis like the Ointment ſhed
On *Aaron*'s ſacred Head,
Divinely rich, divinely ſweet;

The Oil through all the Room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his Robes, and bleſt his Feet.

3 Like fruitful Show'rs of Rain
That water all the Plain,
Deſcending from the neighb'ring Hills;
Such Streams of Pleaſure roll
Through ev'ry friendly Soul,
Where Love like heav'nly Dew diſtils.

PSALM CXXXIII. Metre iii.

1 HOW bleſt the Sight, the Joy how ſweet,
When Brothers join'd with Brothers meet
In Bands of mutual Love!
Leſs ſweet the liquid Fragrance, ſhed
On *Aaron*'s conſecrated Head,
Ran trickling from above,

2 And reach'd his Beard, and reach'd his Veſt:—
Leſs ſweet the Dews on *Hermon*'s Breaſt,
Or *Sion*'s Hill deſcend:
That Hill has GOD with Bleſſings crown'd,
There promis'd Grace that knows no Bound,
And Life that knows no End.

PSALM CXXXIV. Metre i.

1 YE that obey th' immortal KING,
Attend his holy Place;
Bow to the Glories of his Pow'r,
And bleſs his wond'rous Grace.

2 Lift up your Hands by Morning-Light,
And ſend your Souls on high:
Raiſe your admiring Thoughts by Night
Above the ſtarry Sky.

3 The GOD of *Zion* cheers our Hearts,
With Rays of quick'ning Grace;
The GOD that ſpreads the Heav'ns abroad,
And rules the ſwelling Seas.

PSALM CXXXIV. Metre ii.

1 YE Servants of th' eternal KING,
Your grateful Hymns triumphant ſing,
While gliding round the duſky *Pole*,
The ſtarry Orbs in Silence roll.

2 To you I call, the choſen Band,
Who take amid his Courts your Stand;
Within his Temple's vaulted Frame,
With lifted Hands his Praiſe proclaim.

3 And He, may He, whoſe Pow'r has made
The Earth, and Heav'n's wide Arch diſplay'd,
From ſacred *Sion* bid thee prove
The Bleſſings of his boundleſs Love.

PSALM CXXXV. Metre i.

1 AWAKE, ye Saints, to praiſe your KING,
Your ſweeteſt Paſſions raiſe;
Your pious Pleaſures, while you ſing,
Increaſing with the Praiſe.

2 Great is the LORD; and Works unknown
Are his divine Employ;
But ſtill his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treaſure and his Joy.

3 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, confeſs his Hand
He bids the Vapours riſe;
Lightning and Storm at his Command
Sweep through the ſounding Skies.

4 All Pow'r that Gods or Kings have claim'd,
Is found with Him alone:
But *Heathen* Gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd,
Where our JEHOVAH's known.

5 Which of the Stocks or Stones they truſt
Can give them Show'rs of Rain?
In vain they worſhip glitt'ring Duſt,
And pray to Gold in vain.

6 O *Britain*, know the living GOD,
Serve him with Faith and Fear;
He makes thy Churches his Abode,
And claims thine Honours there.

PSALM CXXXV. Metre ii.

1 PRAISE ye the LORD, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait;
Ye Saints that to his Houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his Gate.

2 Praiſe ye the LORD; the LORD is good:
To praiſe his Name is ſweet Employ;
Iſrael he choſe of old, and ſtill
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

3 The LORD Himſelf will judge his Saints;
He treats his Servants as his Friends;
And when He hears their ſore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that He ſends.

4 Through ev'ry Age the LORD declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppreſſor's Rod:
He gives his ſuff'ring Servants Reſt,
And will be known, Th' ALMIGHTY GOD.

5 Bleſs ye the LORD, who taſte his Love;
People and Prieſts exalt his Name:
Among his Saints he ever dwells;
His Church is his *Jeruſalem.*

PSALM CXXXVI. Metre i.

1 GIVE Thanks to GOD the ſov'reign LORD;
His Mercies ſtill endure!
And be the KING OF KINGS ador'd;
His Truth is ever ſure.

2 What Wonders hath his Wiſdom done!
How mighty is his Hand!
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, He fram'd alone:
How wide is his Command!

3 The Sun ſupplies the Day with Light:
How bright his Counſels ſhine!
The Moon and Stars adorn the Night:
His Works are all divine!

4 He ſaw the Nations dead in Sin;
He felt his Pity move:
How ſad the State the World was in!
How boundleſs was his Love!

5 He ſent to ſave us from our Woe;
His Goodneſs never fails;
From Death and Hell, and ev'ry Foe;
And ſtill his Grace prevails.

6 Give Thanks to GOD, the heav'nly KING;
His Mercies ſtill endure;
Let the whole Earth his Praiſes ſing;
His Truth is ever ſure.

PSALM CXXXVI. Metre ii.

1 GIVE to our GOD immortal Praiſe;
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways:
Wonders of Grace to GOD *belong,*
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

2 Give to the LORD OF LORDS Renown,
The KING OF KINGS with Glory crown:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Lords and Kings are known *no more.*

3 He built the Earth, He ſpread the Sky,
And fix'd the ſtarry Lights on high:
Wonders of Grace to GOD *belong,*
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

4 He fills the Sun with Morning-Light,
He bids the Moon direct the Night:
His Mercis ever ſhall endure,
When Suns and Moons ſhall ſhine *no more.*

5 The *Jews* he freed from *Pharaoh*'s Hand,
And brought them to the promis'd Land:
Wonders of Grace to GOD *belong,*
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

6 He ſaw the *Gentiles* dead in Sin,
And felt his Pity work within:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Death and Sin ſhall reign *no more.*

7 He ſent his SON with Pow'r to ſave
From Guilt and Darkneſs, and the Grave:
Wonders of Grace to GOD *belong,*
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

8 Through this vain World he guides our Feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly Seat:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain World ſhall be *no more.*

PSALM CXXXVI. Metre iii.

1 GIVE Thanks to GOD Moſt High,
The univerſal LORD;
The ſov'reign KING OF KINGS,
And be his Grace ador'd.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

2 How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath He done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And ſpread the Heav'ns alone.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

3 His Wiſdom form'd the Sun,
To crown the Day with Light;
The Moon and twinkling Stars,
To cheer the darkſome Night.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

4 He ſaw the Nations lie
All periſhing in Sin,
And pity'd the ſad State
The ruin'd World was in.

Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

5 He ſent his only SON,
To ſave us from our Woe;
From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Foe.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

6 Give Thanks aloud to GOD,
To GOD the heav'nly KING;
And let the ſpacious Earth
His Works and Glories ſing.
Thy Mercy, LORD,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 WHEN we, our wearied Limbs to reſt,
Sat down by proud *Euphrates'* Stream,
We wept with doleful Thoughts oppreſt,
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme,

2 Our Harps, that, when with Joy we ſung,
Were wont their tuneful Part to bear,
With ſilent Strings neglected hung,
On Willow Trees that wither'd there.

3 Mean while our Foes, who all conſpir'd
To triumph in our ſlaviſh Wrongs,
Muſick and Mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, ſing us one of *Sion's* Songs."

4 How ſhall we tune our Voice to ſing?
Or touch our Harps with ſkilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to GOD our KING
Be ſung by Slaves in foreign Lands?

5 O *Salem*, our once happy Seat;
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand forget
The ſpeaking Strings with Art to move.

6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal Silence ſeize my Tongue:
Or if I ſing one cheerful Air,
Till thy Deliv'rance is my Song.

PSALM CXXXVIII. Metre i.

[KING,

1 WITH my whole Heart, my GOD and
Thy Praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll ſing,
And bleſs thy holy Name.

2 I'll worſhip at thy ſacred Seat,
And with thy Love inſpir'd,
The Praiſes of thy Truth repeat,
O'er all thy Works admir'd.

3 Thou graciouſly inclin'dſt thine Ear,
When I to Thee did cry:
And when my Soul was preſs'd with Fear,
Didſt inward Strength ſupply.

4 For GOD, although enthron'd on high,
Does thence the Poor reſpect:
The Proud far off, his ſcornful Eye
Beholds with juſt Neglect.

5 Though I with Troubles am oppreſs'd,
He ſhall my Foes diſarm,
Relieve my Soul, when moſt diſtreſs'd,
And keep me ſafe from Harm.

6 The LORD, whoſe Mercies ever laſt,
Shall fix my happy State;
And mindful of his Favours paſt,
Shall his own Work complete.

PSALM CXXXVIII. Metre ii.

1 WITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue
I'll praiſe my MAKER in my Song:
Angels ſhall hear the Notes I raiſe,
Approve the Song, and join the Praiſe.

2 Angels that make thy Church their Care
Shall witneſs my Devotions there,
While holy Zeal directs my Eyes
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.

3 I'll ſing thy Truth and Mercy, LORD,
I'll ſing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below
So much thy Pow'r and Glory ſhow.

4 To GOD I cry'd when Troubles roſe;
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my Foes:
He did my riſing Fears control,
And Strength diffus'd through all my Soul.

5 The GOD of Heav'n maintains his State,
Frowns on the Proud, and ſcorns the Great;
But from his Throne deſcends to ſee
The Sons of humble Poverty.

6 Amidſt a thouſand Snares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand:
Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what Grace begins,
To ſave from Sorrows, or from Sins:
The Work that Wiſdom undertakes
Eternal Mercy ne'er forſakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. Metre ii.

1 IN all my vaſt Concerns with Thee,
In vain my Soul would try
To ſhun thy Preſence, LORD, or flee
The Notice of thine Eye.

2 Thy all-ſurrounding Sight ſurveys
My Riſing and my Reſt;
My public Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breaſt.

3 My Thoughts lie open to the LORD,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Senſe I mean.

4 O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?
Within thy circling Arms I lie,
Beſet on ev'ry Side.

5 So let thy Grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from ev'ry Ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign Love.

PART II.

6 LORD, where ſhall guilty Souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In Hell, they meet thy dreadful Fire,
In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.

7 Should I ſuppreſs my vital Breath,
To 'ſcape the Wrath divine;
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave reſign.

8 If, wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light,
I fly beyond the *Weſt;*
Thy Hand, which muſt ſupport my Flight,
Wou'd ſoon betray my Reſt.

9 If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night;
Thoſe flaming Eyes that guard thy Law,
Would turn the Shades to Light.

10 The Beams of Noon, the Midnight-Hours,
Are both alike to Thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which I cannot flee!

PART III.

11 WHEN I with pleaſing Wonder ſtand,
And all my Frame ſurvey,
LORD, 'tis thy Work; I own thy Hand
Thus built my humble Clay.

12 Thy Hand my Heart and Reins poſſeſt,
Where unborn Nature grew;
Thy Wiſdom all my Features trac'd,
And all my Members drew.

13 Thine Eye with niceſt Care ſurvey'd
The Growth of ev'ry Part;
Till the whole Scheme thy Thoughts had laid,
Was copied by thine Art.

14 Heav'n, Earth and Sea, and Fire and Wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous Skill;
But I review myſelf, and find
Diviner Wonders ſtill.

15 Thine awful Glories round me ſhine,
My Fleſh proclaims thy Praiſe;
LORD, to thy Works of Nature join
Thy Miracles of Grace.

PART IV.

16 LORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,
They ſtrike me with Surpriſe;
Not all the Sands that ſpread the Shore
To equal Numbers riſe.

17 My Fleſh with Fear and Wonder ſtands,
The Product of thy Skill;
And hourly Bleſſings from thy Hands
Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.

18 Theſe on my Heart by Night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the Hour that ends my Sleep
Still find my Thoughts with Thee!

PSALM CXXXIX. Metre ii.

1 LORD, Thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me through;
Thine Eye commands, with piercing View,
My riſing and my reſting Hours,
My Heart, and Fleſh, with all their Pow'rs.

2 My Thoughts before they are my own,
Are to my GOD distinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning Lips they break.

3 Within thy circling Pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with GOD.

4 Amazing Knowledge, vast and great!
What large Extent! what lofty Height!
My Soul, with all the Pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless Prospect lost.

[*O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,*
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker Passions dare
Consent to sin, for GOD *is there.*]

PART II.

5 COULD I so false, so faithless prove
To quit thy Service and thy Love,
Where, LORD, could I thy Presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful Glory run?

6 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there Thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light;
Or dive to Hell, there Vengeance reigns,
And *Satan* groans beneath thy Chains.

7 If mounted on a Morning-Ray,
I fly beyond the *Western* Sea,
Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.

8 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight
Beneath the ſpreading Veil of Night,
One Glance of Thine, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.

9 The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes;
Thy Hand can ſeize thy Foes as ſoon
Through Midnight-Shades as blazing Noon.

[*O may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt,*
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker Paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for GOD *is there.*]

PART III.

10 'TWAS from thy Hand, my GOD, I came;
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
In me thy fearful Wonders ſhine,
And each proclaims thy Skill divine.

11 Thine Eyes did all my Limbs ſurvey,
Which yet in dark Confuſion lay;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

12 By Thee my growing Parts were nam'd,
And what thy ſov'reign Counſels fram'd,
(The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart)
Was copy'd with unerring Art.

13 To ſhew th' Almighty MAKER's Name,
GOD ſtampt his Image on my Frame,
And by his wond'rous Counſel join'd
The finiſh'd Members to the Mind.

14 There the young Seeds of Thought began,
And all the Paſſions of the Man:
Great GOD, our Infant-Nature pays
Immortal Tribute to thy Praiſe.

PART IV.

15 LORD, ſince in my advancing Age
I've acted on Life's buſy Stage,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.

16 I could ſurvey the Ocean o'er,
And count each Sand that makes the Shore,
Before my ſwifteſt Thoughts could trace
The num'rous Wonders of thy Grace.

17 Theſe on my Heart are ſtill impreſt,
With theſe I give my Eyes to Reſt;
And at my waking Hour I find
GOD and his Love poſſeſs my Mind.

PART V.

18 MY GOD, what inward Grief I feel,
When impious Men tranſgreſs thy Will!
I mourn to hear their Lips profane
Take thy tremendous Name in vain.

19 Does not my Soul deteſt and hate
The Sons of Malice and Deceit?
Thoſe that oppoſe thy Laws and Thee,
I count them Enemies to me.

20 LORD, ſearch my Soul, try ev'ry Thought;
Though my own Heart accuſe me not
Of walking in a falſe Diſguiſe,
I beg the Trial of thine Eyes.

21 Doth ſecret Miſchief lurk within?
Do I indulge ſome unknown Sin?
O turn my Feet whene'er I ſtray,
And lead me in thy perfect Way.

PSALM CXL.

1 PRESERVE me, LORD, from crafty Foes
Of treacherous Intent;
And from the Sons of Violence
On open Miſchief bent.

2 Their ſland'ring Tongues the Serpent's Sting
In Sharpneſs do exceed;
Between their Lips the Gall of Aſps,
And Adders' Venom, breed.

3 But thus environ'd with Diſtreſs,
"Thou art my GOD, I ſaid,
"LORD, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
"That calls to Thee for Aid.

4 "Permit not their unjuſt Deſigns
"To anſwer their Deſire;
"Leſt they, encourag'd by Succeſs,
"To bolder Crimes aſpire."

5 Though Slander's Breath may raiſe a Storm,
It quickly will decay:
Their Rage does but the Torrent ſwell,
That bears themſelves away.

6 GOD will aſſert the poor Man's Cauſe,
And ſpeedy Succour give,
The Juſt ſhall celebrate his Praiſe,
And in his Preſence live.

PSALM CXLI.

1 MY God, accept my early Vows,
Like Morning-Incenſe in thine Houſe,
And let my nightly Worſhip riſe
Sweet as the Ev'ning-Sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my Lips, and guard them, LORD,
From ev'ry raſh and heedleſs Word;
Nor let my Feet incline to tread
The guilty Paths where Sinners lead.

3 O may the Righteous, when I ſtray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring Way!
Their gentle Words, like Ointment ſhed,
Shall never bruiſe, but cheer my Head.

4 When I behold them preſt with Grief,
I'll cry to Heav'n for their Relief;
And by my warm Petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful Love.

PSALM CXLII.

1 TO God I made my Sorrows known,
From God I ſought Relief;
In long Complaints before his Throne
I pour'd out all my Grief.

2 My Soul was overwhelm'd with Woes,
My Heart began to break;
My God, who all my Burdens knows,
He knows the Way I take.

3 On ev'ry Side I caſt mine Eye,
And found my Helpers gone;
While Friends and Strangers paſs'd me by
Neglected, or unknown.

4 Then did I raiſe a louder Cry,
And call'd thy Mercies near;
"Thou art my Portion when I die,
"Be Thou my REFUGE here."

5 LORD, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine Ear attend,
And make my Foes who vex me know
I've an Almighty FRIEND.

6 From my ſad Priſon ſet me free,
Then ſhall I praiſe thy Name;
And holy Men ſhall join with me,
Thy Kindneſs to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII. Metre 1.

1 HEAR, gracious LORD, my fervent Pray'r,
Indulge my humble Cry:
Thy Truth and Righteouſneſs declare,
And ſave me from on high.

2 Remit my Guilt, nor call me forth
In Judgment to appear:
Since none of all the Tribes on Earth
Can in thy Sight be clear.

3 The Hand of unrelenting Pow'r
My Happineſs invades:
As Men that long have been no more,
I grovel in the Shades.

4 Hence potent Grief and gloomy Care
My inward Peace deſtroy:
The black Intruſions of Deſpair
Cloud ev'ry Glimpſe of Joy.

5 Yet from the Scenes of paſt Diſtreſs
Some Comforts I derive;
The ancient Wonders of thy Grace
My dying Hopes revive.

6 To Thee I ſtretch my Hands abroad,
And raiſe my mental Pow'rs;
So thirſts the dry and parched Clod
For the refreſhing Show'rs.

7 Hear, O my GOD, be quick to ſave;
My vital Strength decays:
Thine Abſence brings me near the Grave,
While Grief conſumes my Days.

8 When balmy Sleep forſakes my Head,
Thy gracious Aid impart;
Deſcribe the Path I ought to tread,
And fix it in my Heart.

PART II.

9 TO Thee my languid Soul aſpires,
When threat'ning Foes engage;
O bow thine Ear to my Deſires,
And diſconcert their Rage!

10 Teach me to execute thy Will,
My only ſov'reign Guide;
And bear me to thy ſacred Hill,
Where endleſs Joys reſide.

11 Quicken, O GOD! and make me whole,
Extinguiſh all Deſpair;
Enlarge and extricate my Soul,
And diſſipate my Care.

12 Then, while thy Goodneſs ſhall prolong
The Meaſure of my Days,
My grateful Soul ſhall prompt my Tongue
To celebrate thy Praiſe.

PSALM CXLIII. Metre ii.

1 MY righteous JUDGE, my gracious GOD,
Hear when I ſpread my Hands abroad,
And cry for Succour from thy Throne;
O make thy Truth and Mercy known!

2 Let Judgment not againſt me paſs;
Behold thy Servant pleads thy Grace:
Should Juſtice call us to thy Bar,
No Man alive is guiltleſs there.

3 Look down in Pity, LORD, and ſee
The mighty Woes that burden me:
Down to the Duſt my Life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

4 I dwell in Darkneſs and unſeen;
My Heart is deſolate within:
My Thoughts in muſing Silence trace
The ancient Wonders of thy Grace.

5 Thence I derive a Glimpſe of Hope,
To bear my ſinking Spirits up;
I ſtretch my Hands to GOD again,
And thirſt like parched Lands for Rain.

6 In Thee I truſt, to Thee I ſigh,
And lift my heavy Soul on high;
For Thee ſit waiting all the Day,
And wear the tireſome Hours away.

7 Break off my Fetters, LORD, and ſhow
Which is the Path my Feet ſhould go;
If Snares and Foes beſet the Road,
I flee to hide me near my GOD.

8 Teach me to do thy holy Will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly Hill;
Let the good SPIRIT of thy Love
Conduct me to thy Courts above.

9 Then ſhall my Soul no more complain;
The Tempter then ſhall rage in vain;
And Fleſh that was my Foe before,
Shall never vex my Spirit more.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 FOR ever bleſſed be the LORD,
My SAVIOUR and my SHIELD:
He ſends his SPIRIT with his Word,
To arm me for the Field.

2 When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
He makes my Soul his Care,
Inſtructs me to the heav'nly Fight,
And guards me through the War.

3 A Friend and Helper ſo divine,
Does my weak Courage raiſe;
He makes the glorious Vict'ry mine,
And His ſhall be the Praiſe.

PART II.

4 LORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,
Born of the Earth at firſt!
His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still haſting to the Duſt.

5 O what is feeble, dying Man,
Or any of his Race,
That GOD ſhould make it his Concern
To viſit him with Grace!

6 That GOD who darts his Lightnings down,
Who ſhakes the Worlds above,
And Mountains tremble at his Frown;
How wond'rous is his Love!

PART III.

7 HAPPY the City, where their Sons
Like Pillars round a Palace ſet,
And Daughters, bright as poliſh'd Stones,
Give Strength and Beauty to the State.

8 Happy the Country where the Sheep,
Cattle and Corn have large Increaſe;
Where Men ſecurely work or ſleep,
Nor Sons of Plunder break the Peace.

9 Happy the Nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely bleſs'd are thoſe
On whom the All-ſufficient GOD
Himſelf with all his Grace beſtows.

PSALM CXLV. Metre i.

1 LONG as I live I'll bleſs thy Name,
My KING, my GOD of Love;
My Work and Joy ſhall be the ſame
In the bright World above.

2 Great is the LORD, his Pow'r unknown,
And let his Praiſe be great:
I'll ſing the Honours of thy Throne,
Thy Works of Grace repeat.

3 Thy Grace ſhall dwell upon my Tongue;
And while my Lips rejoice,
The Men that hear my ſacred Song,
Shall join their cheerful Voice.

4 Fathers to Sons ſhall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways;
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
And Nations ſound thy Praiſe.

5 Thy glorious Deeds, of ancient Date,
Shall through the World be known;
Thine Arm of Pow'r, thy heav'nly State,
With public Splendor ſhown.

6 The World is manag'd by thy Hands,
Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;
And thine eternal Kingdom ſtands,
Though Rocks and Hills remove.

PART II.

7 SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
My GOD, my heav'nly KING!
Let Age to Age thy Righteouſneſs
In Sounds of Glory ſing:

8 GOD reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodneſs to the Skies;
Through the whole Earth his Bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry Want ſupplies.

9 With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
On Thee for daily Food;
Thy lib'ral Hand provides their Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good.

10 How kind are thy Compaſſions, LORD!
How ſlow thine Anger moves!
But ſoon He ſends his pard'ning Word
To cheer the Souls He loves.

11 Creatures, with all their endleſs Race,
Thy Pow'r and Praiſe proclaim;
But Saints, that taſte thy richer Grace,
Delight to bleſs thy Name.

PART III.

12 LET ev'ry Tongue thy Goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign LORD of All:
Thy ſtrength'ning Hands uphold the Weak,
And raiſe the Poor that fall.

13 When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
Or Virtue lies diſtreſt
Beneath ſome proud Oppreſſor's Frown,
Thou giv'ſt the Mourners Reſt.

14 The LORD ſupports our tott'ring Days,
And guides our giddy Youth:
Holy and juſt are all his Ways,
And all his Words are Truth.

15 He knows the Pains his Servants feel,
He hears his Children cry;
And their beſt Wiſhes to fulfil
His Grace is ever nigh.

16 His Mercy never ſhall remove
From Men of Heart ſincere;
He ſaves the Souls, whoſe humble Love
Is join'd with holy Fear.

17 My Lips shall dwell upon his Praise,
And spread his Fame abroad:
Let all the Sons of *Adam* raise
The Honours of their GOD.

PSALM CXLV. Metre ii.

1 MY GOD, my KING, thy various Praise
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days:
Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue
Till Death and Glory raise the Song.

2 The Wings of ev'ry Hour shall bear
Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear;
And ev'ry setting Sun shall see
New Works of Duty done for Thee.

3 Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim;
Thy Bounty flows, an endless Stream;
Thy Mercy swift, thine Anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.

4 Thy Works with sov'reign Glory shine,
And speak thy Majesty divine;
Let *Britain* round her Shores proclaim
The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

5 Let distant Times and Nations raise
The long Succession of thy Praise;
And unborn Ages make my Song
The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wond'rous Deeds?
Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy Ways,
Vast and immortal be thy Praise.

PSALM CXLVI. Metre i.

1 O PRAISE the LORD, and thou, my Soul,
For ever bleſs his Name;
His wond'rous Love, while Life ſhall laſt,
My conſtant Praiſe ſhall claim.

2 On Kings, the greateſt Sons of Men,
Let none for Aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous Times,
Nor timely Help apply.

3 Depriv'd of Breath, to Duſt they turn,
And there neglected lie;
And all their Thoughts and vain Deſigns
Together with them die.

4 Then happy he, who *Jacob*'s GOD
For his Protector takes;
Who ſtill, with well-plac'd Hope the LORD
His conſtant Refuge makes.

5 The LORD who made both Heav'n and Earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt Truth,
Nor make his Promiſe vain.

6 The Poor oppreſs'd, from all their Wrongs
Are eas'd by his Decree:
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
And ſets the Pris'ners free.

7 The GOD, that does in *Sion* dwell,
Is our eternal KING:
From Age to Age his Reign endures,
Let All his Praiſes ſing.

PSALM CXLVI. Metre ii.

1 I'LL praiſe my MAKER with my Breath;
And when my Voice is loſt in Death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Pow'rs:
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life, and Thought, and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

2 Why ſhould I make a Man my Truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to Duſt:
Vain is the Help of Fleſh and Blood;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r,
And Thoughts, all vaniſh in an Hour;
Nor can they make their Promiſe good.

3 Happy the Man whoſe Hopes rely
On *Iſrael*'s GOD:—He made the Sky,
And Earth, and Seas, with all their Train:
His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure:
He ſaves th' Oppreſs'd, he feeds the Poor;
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.

PART II.

4 THE LORD hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The LORD ſupports the ſinking Mind;
He ſends the lab'ring Conſcience Peace;
He helps the Stranger in Diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs,
And grants the Pris'ner ſweet Releaſe.

5 He loves his Saints: He knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell:
Thy GOD, O *Zion*, ever reigns:
Let ev'ry Tongue, let ev'ry Age,
In this exalted Work engage;
Praiſe Him in everlaſting Strains.

6 I'll praiſe Him while He lends me Breath;
And when my Voice is loſt in Death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Pow'rs:
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life, and Thought, and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. Metre i.

1 WITH Songs and Honours ſounding loud,
Addreſs the LORD on high:
Over the Heav'ns He ſpreads his Cloud,
And Waters veil the Sky:
He ſends his Show'rs of Bleſſings down
To cheer the Plains below;
He makes the Graſs the Mountains crown,
And Corn in Valleys grow.

2 He gives the grazing Ox his Meat,
He hears the Ravens cry;
But Man, who taſtes his fineſt Wheat,
Should raiſe his Honours high;
His ſteady Counſels change the Face
Of the declining Year;
He bids the Sun cut ſhort his Race,
And wintry Days appear.

3 His hoary Froſt, his fleecy Snow,
Deſcend and clothe the Ground;
The liquid Streams forbear to flow,
In icy Fetters bound:
When from his dreadful Stores on high
He pours the rattling Hail,
The Wretch that dares his GOD defy,
Shall find his Courage fail.

4 He ſends his Word and melts the Snow,
The Fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer Gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return:
The changing Wind, the flying Cloud,
Obey his mighty Word;
With Songs and Honours ſounding loud,
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign LORD.

PSALM CXLVII. Metre ii.

1 PRAISE ye the LORD:—'Tis good to raiſe
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praiſe:
His Nature and his Works invite
To make this Duty our Delight.

2 The LORD builds up *Jeruſalem*,
And gathers Nations to his Name;
His Mercy melts the ſtubborn Soul,
And makes the broken Spirit whole.

3 He form'd the Stars, thoſe heav'nly Flames;
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;
His Wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our LORD, and great his Might,
And all his Glories infinite:
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Juſt,
And treads the Wicked to the Duſt.

PART II.

5 SING to the LORD, exalt Him high,
Who ſpreads his Clouds around the Sky:
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops deſcend in vain.

6 He makes the Graſs the Hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling Fields with Corn:
The Beaſts with Food his Hands ſupply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

7 What is the Creature's Skill or Force?
The ſprightly Man, the warlike Horſe?—
The nimble Wit, the active Limb,
All are too mean Delights for Him.

8 But Saints are lovely in his Sight:
He views his Children with Delight:
He ſees their Hope, He knows their Fear,
And looks, and loves his Image there.

PART III.

9 PRAISE ye the LORD: O bliſsful Theme,
To ſing the Honours of his Name!
'Tis Pleaſure, 'tis divine Delight:
And Praiſe is lovely in his Sight.

10 He ſpeaks! and ſwiftly from the Skies
To Earth the ſov'reign Mandate flies;
Obſervant Nature hears his Word,
And bows obedient to her LORD!

11 Now thick deſcending Flakes of Snow,
O'er Earth a fleecy Mantle throw;
Now glitt'ring Froſt, o'er all the Plains,
Extends its univerſal Chains.

12 At his fierce Storms of icy Hail
The ſhiv'ring Pow'rs of Nature fail:
Before his Cold, what Life can ſtand,
Unſhelter'd by his Guardian-Hand!

13 He ſpeaks! The Ice and Snow obey,
And Nature's Fetters melt away;
Now vernal Gales ſoft riſing blow,
And murm'ring Waters gently flow.

14 But nobler Works his Grace record,
To *Iſrael*'s Sons He ſends his Word;
Ye favour'd Tribes, your Voices raiſe,
And bleſs your GOD in Songs of Praiſe.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1 PRAISE ye the LORD, immortal Choir,
That fill the Realms above,
Praiſe Him who form'd you of his Fire,
And feeds you with his Love.

2 Shine to his Praiſe, ye cryſtal Skies,
The Floor of his Abode;
Or veil in Shades your Thouſand Eyes,
Before your brighter GOD.

3 Thou reſtleſs Globe of golden Light,
Whoſe Beams create our Days,
Join with the Silver-Queen of Night,
To own your borrow'd Rays.

4 Winds, ye ſhall bear his Name aloud
Through the ethereal Blue;
For when his Chariot is a Cloud,
He makes his Wheels of you.

5 Thunder and Hail, and Fires and Storms,
The Troops of his Command,
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
And ſpeak his awful Hand.

6 Shout to the LORD, ye surging Seas,
In your eternal Roar;
Let Wave to Wave resound his Praise,
And Shore reply to Shore:

7 While Monsters sporting on the Flood,
In scaly Silver shine,
Speak terribly their MAKER-GOD,
And lash the foaming Brine.

8 But gentler Things shall tune his Name
To softer Notes than these,
Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the Stream
Or whisp'ring through the Trees.

9 Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,
To Him that bids you grow:
Sweet Clusters bend the fruitful Vines
On ev'ry thankful Bough.

10 Let the shrill Birds in Honour raise,
And climb the Morning-Sky;
While grov'ling Beasts attempt his Praise,
In hoarser Harmony.

11 Thus while the meaner Creatures sing,
Ye Mortals, take the Sound:
Echo the Glories of your KING
Through all the Nations round.

PSALM CXLIX. Metre i.

1 ALL ye that love the LORD rejoice,
And let your Songs be new;
Amidst the Church with cheerful Voice
His later Wonders shew.

The *Jews*, the People of his Grace,
Shall their REDEEMER ſing;
And *Gentile* Nations join the Praiſe,
While *Zion* owns her KING.

2 The LORD takes Pleaſure in the Juſt,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn:
The Meek that lie deſpis'd in Duſt
Salvation ſhall adorn.
Saints ſhould be joyful in their KING,
Ev'n on a dying Bed:
And like the Souls in Glory ſing,
For GOD ſhall raiſe the Dead.

3 Then his high Praiſe ſhall fill their Tongues,
Their Hands ſhall wield the Sword;
And Vengeance ſhall attend their Songs,
The Vengeance of the LORD.
When CHRIST his Judgment-Seat aſcends,
And bids the World appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends
Who humbly lov'd Him here.

4 Then ſhall they rule with Iron-Rod
Nations that dar'd rebel:
And join the Sentence of their GOD,
On Tyrants doom'd to Hell.
The Royal Sinners bound in Chains,
New Triumphs ſhall afford:
Such Honour for the Saints remains:
Praiſe ye and love the LORD.

PSALM CL. Metre i.

1 IN GOD's own Houſe pronounce his Praiſe,
His Grace He there reveals;
To Heav'n your Joy and Wonder raiſe,
For there his Glory dwells.

2 Let all your ſacred Paſſions move,
While you rehearſe his Deeds;
But the great Work of ſaving Love
Your higheſt Praiſe exceeds.

3 All that have Motion, Life, and Breath,
Proclaim your MAKER bleſt;
Yet when my Voice expires in Death,
My Soul ſhall praiſe Him beſt.

PSALM CL. Metre ii.

1 PRAISE the LORD, who reigns above,
Yet will deign to dwell below;
Praiſe the holy GOD of Love,
Thankful all his Greatneſs ſhew:
Praiſe Him for his noble Deeds,
Praiſe Him for his matchleſs Pow'r;
Him, from whom all Good proceeds,
All in Heav'n and Earth adore.

2 Publiſh, ſpread to all around
Great JEHOVAH's glorious Name;
Let the Trumpet's joyful Sound
Him the LORD of Hoſts proclaim:
Praiſe Him ev'ry tuneful String,
All the Reach of heav'nly Art,
All the Pow'rs of Muſic bring,
Sweeteſt Muſic of the Heart.

3 Him in whom they move and live,
Let the Race of Creatures ſing,
Glory to their MAKER give,
Humbleſt Homage to their KING;
Hallow'd be his Name beneath;
As in Heav'n, on Earth ador'd,
Praiſe the LORD in ev'ry Breath;
Ev'ry Creature praiſe the LORD.

PSALM CL. Metre iii.

1 O PRAISE the LORD in that bleſt Place,
From whence his Goodneſs largely flows;
Praiſe Him in Heav'n, where He his Face
Unveil'd in perfect Glory ſhows.

2 Praiſe Him for all the mighty Acts
Which he on our Behalf has done;
His Kindneſs this Return exacts,
With which our Praiſe ſhould equal run.

3 Let all, who vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath he does to them afford;
In juſt Return of Praiſe employ;
Let ev'ry Creature praiſe the LORD.

PSALM CL. Metre iv.

1 HOSANNAH! praiſe the LORD, and bleſs
According to his Holineſs,
And let your Praiſes tow'r;
O praiſe Him in ſublimeſt Strains,
Where in the Firmament He reigns
Of his exalted Pow'r.

2 The Works of his Almighty Hand,
Which on eternal Record ſtand,
With thankful Hymns review;
On his majeſtic Glory dwell,
Whoſe Rays all Excellence excel,
And give the Praiſes due.

3 Let all Things that have Life and Breath,
In Heav'n above, in Earth beneath,
To CHRIST their Tribute bring;
O praiſe Him! for to Him belongs
The Breath which modulates your Songs,—
The Heart inſpir'd to ſing.

Gloria Patri.

Metre i.

1 GIVE to the FATHER Praiſe,
Give Glory to the SON,
And to the Spirit of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

Metre ii.

2 TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

Metre iii.

3 PRAISE GOD, from whom all Bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Him all Creatures here below,
Praiſe Him above, ye heav'nly Hoſt,
Praiſe FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Metre iv.

4 TO th' eternal THREE be giv'n
Praiſe on Earth, and Praiſe in Heav'n;
Such as was through Ages paſt,
Is, and ſhall for ever laſt.

Metre v.

5 NOW to the great and ſacred THREE,
The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT be
Eternal Praiſe and Glory giv'n,
Thro' all the Worlds where GOD is known,
By all the Angels near the Throne,
And all the Saints in Earth and Heav'n.

Metre vi.

6 IMMORTAL Honours, endleſs Fame,
Attend th' Almighty FATHER's Name:
The Saviour SON be glorify'd
Who for loſt Man's Redemption dy'd,
And equal Adoration be,
Eternal COMFORTER, to Thee.

Metre vii.

7 TO GOD the FATHER's Throne
Perpetual Honours raiſe;
Glory to GOD the SON;
To GOD the SPIRIT Praiſe.

With all our Pow'rs,
Eternal KING,
Thy Name we ſing,
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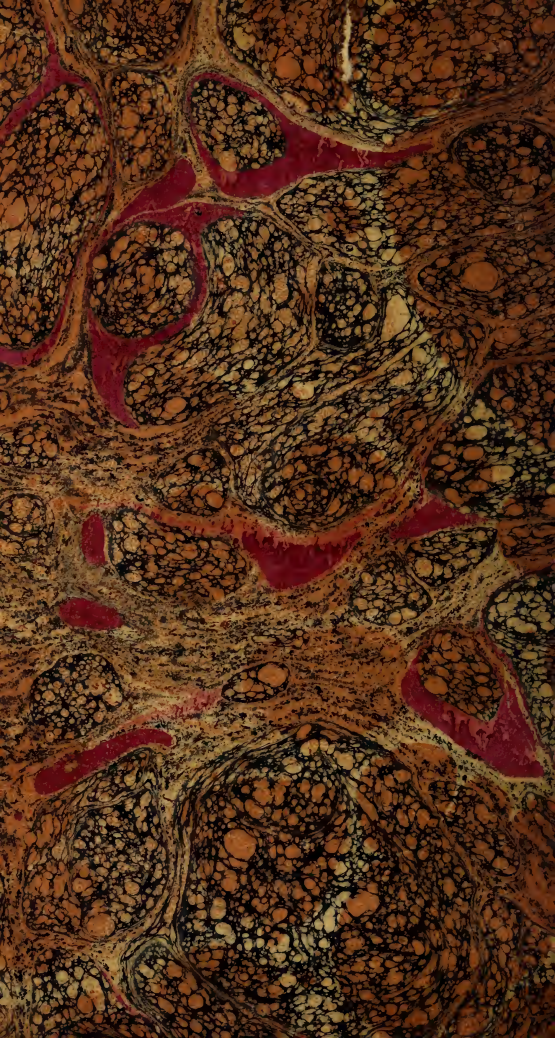
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